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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, May 27, 1983

Golden tradition



הפוסט

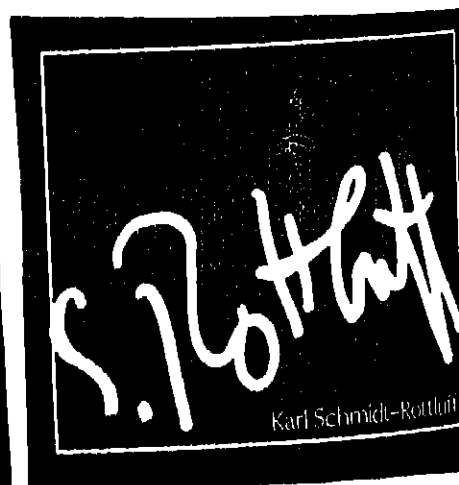
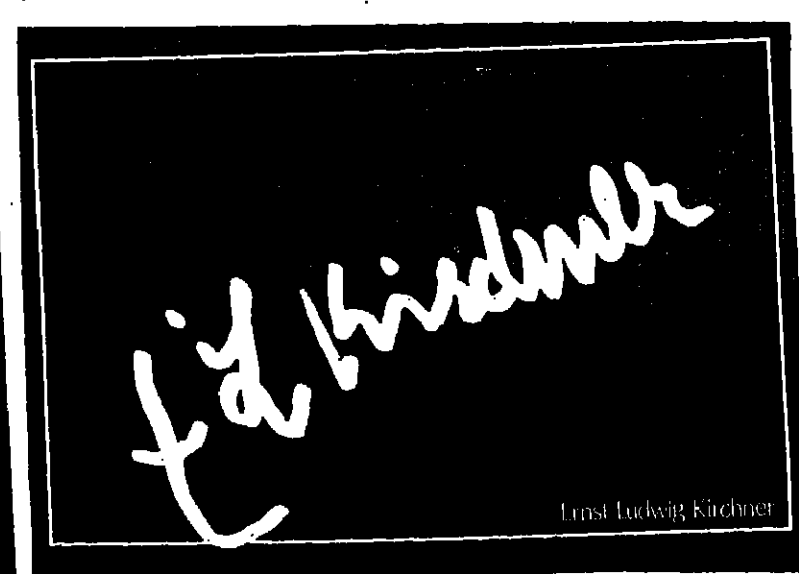
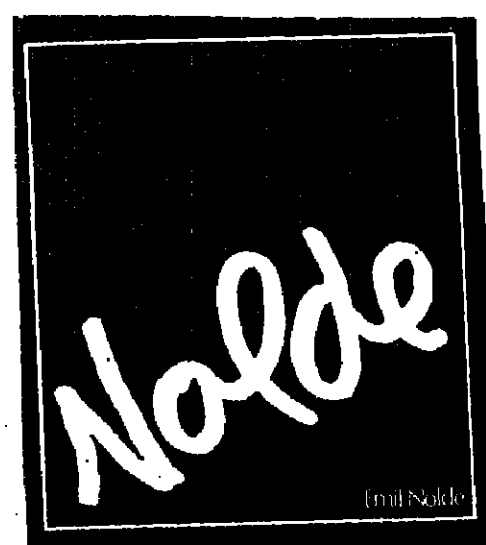
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ahead together. To safeguard our lives.  
Let's be bright. And drive right.







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TWENTY-TWO unmarked tombstones, lined up like soldiers on the beach of Al-Hoceima in Morocco, face Jerusalem — the distant holy city that the Jews interred beneath them failed to reach.

Since their bodies were washed up on a barren Mediterranean shore and buried 22 years ago, their relatives in Israel have longed to know the location of their graves, and no one has recited the *kaddish* prayer over them. That is, until a Moroccan-born Jerusalemite, Sam Ben-Chetrit, unravelled the mystery of the S.S. Pisces and tracked down the burial site just a few weeks ago.

The 22 men, women and children were part of a brave and idealistic group of 43 Moroccan Jews, led by Israeli emissary Haim Zarfaty, who boarded the British-made vessel in an attempt to emigrate illegally.

Impelled by religious fervour and Zionist zeal rather than by persecution, the Moroccan Jews drove hundreds of kilometres on a dark January night to the rendezvous on the coast. They hugged the Tunisian-born Israeli who had organized their escape, bade him farewell, and boarded the Pisces in a calm sea.

But this good omen was misleading. Near the end of their voyage, off the coast of Spain, the ship struck a rock during a storm and capsized. They all had life-jackets, but they died in the icy waters. Only the 22 bodies washed up at Al-Hoceima were recovered.

The Moroccan authorities summoned two members of the Jewish burial society in the city of Tetouan, 300 kilometres away, to wash the bodies and conduct the final rites.

The *hebra kadisha* members did the job hurriedly, partly because they were eager to return home before the onset of the Sabbath, and partly because of the anti-Israel atmosphere in Morocco in 1961. Since 1957 it had been illegal for Jews to emigrate; solidarity with other Moslem countries and the realization that Jews constituted a major force in the country's economy were largely responsible for the ban.

"The Jews who left," says Ben-Chetrit, who himself came on aliya in 1963, "were regarded as 'Zionist traitors.'"

The graves were apparently marked with numbered stones, but these were lost later when the Moroccan authorities, "in a humanitarian gesture," erected permanent gravestones. Local Jews did not know where the would-be olim had been laid to rest — or did not want to know. Nor were there any official records.

BEN-CHETRIT left for Morocco on April 28 as one of a group of 100 Israelis. His 99 travelling companions were primarily interested in taking part in the annual memorial feast over the grave of Amram Ben-Diwan in the town of Wazzan. Ironically, Ben-Diwan was an Ashkenazi emissary who went to Morocco from the Holy Land about a century ago to raise money for the Yishuv. He died soon after his arrival, and both Jews and Moslems regard his grave as a holy site.

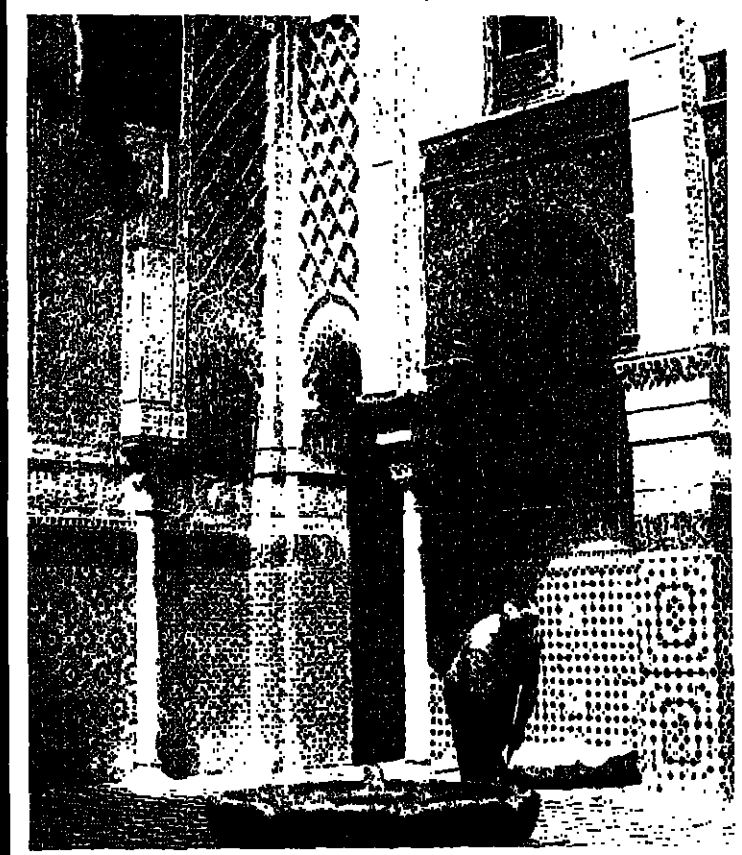
"There are many tales of miracles regarding the place," says Ben-Chetrit. "After visiting the grave, the sick reportedly recover, and barren women become fertile. An old olive tree planted nearby remains green despite the smoke of the hundreds of candles that are kindled over the grave."

But Ben-Chetrit, who is head of Beyahad, the Israeli movement of intellectuals of North African origin, had several other aims during his first visit to Morocco in 20 years. Not only did he want to locate the burial site of the 22 Jews from the Pisces; he wanted to make an appeal to the Moroccan government to allow all Israelis to visit.

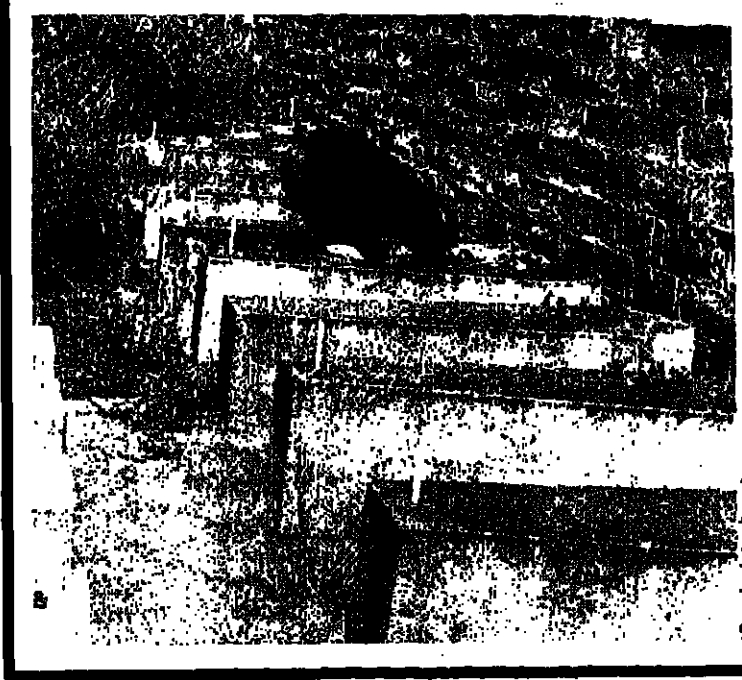
King Hassan II — for whom Ben-Chetrit has only praise — has issued an open invitation to Jews of Moroccan origin to apply for visas. The chairman of Beyahad would like this to be extended to all Israelis, "so that they can get to know and appreciate the wonderful land of Morocco."

# Moroccan discovery

On a visit to the land of his birth, Jerusalemite Sam Ben-Chetrit found the graves of 22 Jews who drowned on their way to the Promised Land. He tells his story to The Post's JUDY SIEGEL-ITZKOVICH.



(Above) Fez. (Below) Ben-Chetrit at graves of 22 Pisces victims.



of the great king' and passed us through the procedures in 10 minutes."

They were provided with security guards throughout the 20-day visit, but Ben-Chetrit says they were never needed, "because we were never in danger."

HE IMMEDIATELY set about finding the graves of the 22. Equipped with the names of all 43 who had been drowned, he began to search in Jewish cemeteries, but to no avail. The head of the Jewish community in Tetouan had no solid information, but a tip led Ben-Chetrit to make a 20-hour trip south to Marrakech through the awesome Kitama mountains. But the Jews of the Pisces were not buried in Marrakech.

Returning to the northern coast, Ben-Chetrit heard more rumours that led to Al-Hoceima. "I took a taxi and reached an area that served as cemeteries for Moslems, Christians and Jews."

The burial areas were separated and fenced off according to religion. The Jewish section had very old graves dating back hundreds of years, testifying to the fact that the place had been the home of Jewish settlers in past centuries. Then, climbing over a locked gate, Ben-Chetrit found 22 tombstones — five small ones encased in marble for the children, and 17 concrete blocks for the adults.

The fact that they were not marked by names, and that there were exactly 22 convinced him that he was standing on the burial site of the Pisces victims. Having brought with him a *talit* and prayer book, candles and flowers, Ben-Chetrit emotionally recited the *kaddish* and decorated the graves. Two Moslem watchmen who keep the Jewish graves completely free of litter and weeds, looked on in silence.

Ben-Chetrit hopes that eventually, the remains of the 22 will be reinterred in Israel. "I have no doubt that if a request is made by the families and by Beyahad for the transfer of the remains, the authorities will agree as a humanitarian gesture," he says. Meanwhile, he asked Henri Cadoush, the chairman of the Marrakech community, to find out whether there are any photographs of the corpses pulled out of the sea, and any information that will help to identify each grave.

WITH HIS PRIMARY mission accomplished, Ben-Chetrit was able to rediscover Morocco.

He found the country looking very little changed in the past 20 years, except that there are so many new hotels, the stores are well stocked and many "modern" women sport clothes by Yves St. Laurent and Pierre Cardin. People seem "content with their lot" and devoted to their king. Having survived an assassination attempt several years ago, Hassan, says Ben-Chetrit, is regarded by his subjects as "a divine representative."

Even though there are no diplomatic relations between Morocco and Israel, "the king regards the 500,000 Israelis of Moroccan origin as goodwill ambassadors on behalf of his country."

That is why Ben-Chetrit hopes that all Israelis, whatever their origin, will soon be allowed to visit.

The Jews remaining in Morocco are mostly well off, centred in Casablanca, Marrakech, Tangier, Fez, Meknes, Tetouan and Mogador. In addition to the thousands of elderly Jews, the community includes merchants, civil

servants and skilled workers.

The Jews have the use of a number of their own institutions, including old age homes, synagogues and schools that are run with financial support from the government. "I chatted with pupils in the Jewish school in Hebrew — and it was like Israeli Hebrew, not hesitant or mispronounced."

BY ROYAL command, says Ben-Chetrit, members of the government have to make appearances at synagogues around the country during the High Holydays, bringing the king's greetings. Hassan has also selected leading members of the community for "political assignments," for example, during the conflict with the Polisario over the Sahara. Jewish leaders are "regularly" invited to the palace.

Ben-Chetrit goes on describing the condition of the Jewish community in near-idyllic terms. "There is absolutely no intermarriage with the Moslems, and the Jews hold on to their religion. There is no anti-Semitism. They eat kosher food and are free to follow their observances. And I was moved and amazed by the way the authorities keep Jewish holy sites and cemeteries clean and protect them from outsiders." He adds that property left by the Jews who emigrated was not confiscated. He visited the grave of his father in Fez and that of his wife's grandfather in Marrakech, and found both in excellent condition.

Although the Jews appear to be thriving, with good incomes, new cars and servants, Ben-Chetrit was unable to locate any Moroccan-born Israeli who had returned to their native country for good. He heard of one family who had decided to stay, but it turned out that they had changed their minds.

In the past year, six hundred Israelis have taken up the king's invitation to visit their birthplace.

"I was amazed by the excellent relations between the Jews and the Moslems," says Ben-Chetrit. "Middle Eastern wars have come and gone but they haven't affected this warm relationship. I attended a Jewish engagement party, and half of the guests were Moslems, sitting among the Jews and having a good time."

The secret of these close ties, he says, is that the average Moroccan is apolitical, leaving diplomacy to their king. "Even the announcement of the agreement between Israel and Lebanon on the withdrawal of Israeli troops was given at the very end of the TV news programme in a few words."

BEN-CHETRIT would like to visit Morocco again.

He hopes to lead a group of Israeli intellectuals and researchers to document the various Jewish holy places and locate archives of Jewish manuscripts. He would also like members of Beyahad to be invited to an international conference on the connection between Islam and Judaism in the Magreb.

An acrobatic troupe from Marrakech took part in Beyahad's Mimouna celebrations in Jerusalem this year. He is hopeful that next year, an official representative will attend. Through Cadoush, chairman of the Marrakech community, Ben-Chetrit has invited the king himself. "He is not a fearful man. Perhaps he will come," he suggests. But if Hassan does not follow in the footsteps of the late Anwar Sadat to Jerusalem, the Beyahad chairman firmly believes, on the basis of "certain signs," that another senior personality, perhaps a government minister will attend the festivities. □



SOME WAGS say that Israel is getting more and more like America, only it's 10 years behind. A visitor to Australia cannot but make the same comparison, while remarking that the giant island continent is perhaps only five years behind.

The entire Australian life-style is reminiscent of Big Brother's, from the gold-tinted, one-way glass of the high-rise office buildings in Sydney and Melbourne, to the ubiquitous back-yard swimming pools, to the content of network television programmes, with the Australian morning TV news and talk show even being called *Good Morning Australia*.

One of the important differences in this regard between Israel and Australia is that, whereas many Israelis are foolish enough to take the comparison as a compliment, Aussies generally resent the remark and the underlying implication of cultural dependence.

For an Israeli like myself on a five week hasbara mission to the antipodes, the local media's dependence on U.S. and British sources went a long way towards explaining the attitudes they showed towards Israel in reporting the dramatic events of the last year in Lebanon.

It is the emphasis projected by the American and British media that predetermines the Middle East perceptions held by their antipodean counterparts. But there is a difference in nuance between the Australians, who are much more under the influence of the American media, and the New Zealanders, who are under the spell of London.

At a lunch meeting with a group of Labour members of the state government and parliament in Perth, the capital of Western Australia, the first question I was asked concerned the "poisoning" of Arab girls on the West Bank. I found it strange that politicians with local affairs at the other end of the world — and Perth is one of the most isolated urban centres anywhere — should be aware of such a parochial "event" 10,000 kms. away.

The fact that they were, and that they were impelled to ask about it, was less an indication of native Australian bias against Israel than of the power of Western news agencies, which had chosen to highlight that PLO gimmick of early April. The subsequent report by international investigators who dismissed the incident as a case of mass hysteria, rated only an inch or so in the best papers, and nothing at all on TV.

A COLLEAGUE on a similar hasbara mission last September, at the height of the dramatic events in Beirut but just before the massacre in Sabra and Shatilla, returned to Israel to write a jeremiad on the depths to which Israel had sunk in Australian public opinion.

But today, eight months later, the atmosphere has changed, no doubt because the tenor and emphasis in the main foreign sources feeding the local media, have shifted, subtly, but quite noticeably.

My Jewish hosts who arranged meetings for me, with a large number of editors, radio and TV producers and reporters, often took pains to brief me on the "hostility to Israel" and even the "anti-Semitism" of some of the men I was going to see. However, in almost every case, my impressions were very different.

The main problem, I found, was not so much bias as a lack of the

## Unfocused views

Distance from Middle East realities makes it difficult to discern anti-Israel bias, finds The Jerusalem Post's YOSEF GOELL, on a hasbara mission to Australia and New Zealand.



background knowledge needed to assess the importance of news items and features coming in from abroad — without this, they couldn't identify bias when they saw it.

The exceptions were the editors of the national daily paper, *The Australian*, and some of the producers at the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.

To be sure, one cannot blame only the media treatment from abroad. During the four weeks I was in Australia, I also noted blatantly prejudiced contributions from independent Australian sources.

Dr. Jean Calder, a violently anti-Israel physician who had worked as a volunteer with the Palestinian Red Crescent in the Beirut camps, was interviewed several times on television. She had recently been expelled from Beirut by what she called "the authorities," but she hardly took the trouble to mention that they were Lebanese authorities in the American-occupied sector of the city. This did not stop her from levelling extreme but vague charges of brutality against Israeli forces (who had not been in that part of Beirut for over half a year). The interviewer simply didn't know enough to challenge her.

A more blatant case was that of an Australian radio correspondent in Washington, D.C., who broadcast a lengthy analysis of American attitudes to Israel. The broadcast was ostensibly well balanced, since it included interviews with former congressman Paul McCloskey and a lobbyist with AIPAC, as well as the U.S. assistant secretary of state for Middle Eastern affairs. However, the questions were as biased as could be.

Speaking of AIPAC, the interviewer asked McCloskey what he thought of the "sinister" influence of the Israeli lobby in Washington. It took the avowedly anti-Israel McCloskey to put him down and point out that, while he opposed what AIPAC stood for, it was not in the

least sinister but well within the American political tradition of legal lobbying.

The interviewer's question to the assistant secretary of state was no less tendentious. Noting that the U.S. administration had the power to "twist Israel's arm to make her behave," he went on to ask whether it was not strange that the U.S. did not make use of that power. The dry reply was that the U.S. was not in the business of twisting the arms of its friends, including Israel.

The number of such cases of



obvious bias was clearly much higher last summer, at the height of the Lebanese war, Australian Jews were so hurt by that sort of treatment that they have not paid much attention to the fact that the number of such incidents has decreased. They have the hypersensitivity to criticism of Israel that is characteristic of truly committed friends and supporters of this country when they are far from the scene. Distance from the realities of Israel and the Middle East tends to deprive them too of the balance needed for evaluating news and criticism.

It is difficult but necessary to tell these friends, especially the engaged members of Jewish communities, that not all criticism is

biased, and that there is enough real bias and hostility for one not to waste limited resources and emotions on imaginary attacks.

The anti-Israel bias that exists is concentrated almost entirely in the left wings of the Labour parties in both Australia and New Zealand. In Australia, Labour is the ruling party both in the federal government and in four of the most populous of the six states. In New Zealand, Labour is in opposition but has good chances of winning the next election.

Generally speaking, main-line Labourites are favourably disposed to Israel, although they are hostile to the Begin government. A man who heard Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke — an outstanding friend of Israel — describe a meeting with Begin (before Hawke came to power), spoke of it as "catastrophic."

The left-wing in Labour in both countries is in opposition to the mainstream leadership on a long list of issues, ranging from the Middle East to the Vietnam-Kampuchea imbroglio, to opposition to an American nuclear presence in the South Pacific and general guilt feelings in regard to the Third World.

As in Western Europe, the influence of the left is felt mainly in academic circles, among some people in the media and among a small number of leftist Labourites in positions of power in Australia. While this influence is vexing to supporters of Israel, it should not be exaggerated. Basic antipathy to the Arabs is much stronger.

MY OWN experience with PLO supporters among these leftists was instructive. In lectures to university audiences, there were nearly always one or two such representatives taking up the cudgels for the PLO. By the third sentence it nearly always became clear that the speaker was less interested in the PLO — about which he didn't know very much —

than in the aborigines and other regional and Third World causes, which he extended to include the PLO.

Jewish students at these universities, emotionally involved as they were on Israel's side, reported a drop in interest in the whole Israel-Palestinian issue among the general student body in recent months.

I believe there is evidence to back up an argument that fashionable support for the PLO may be on the way out, even among the academic and political left. This fashion arose when the Vietnam War disappeared from the headlines. It seems possible that the PLO as an issue may have run its course, too, and may be supplanted in the coming months by some other Third World controversy.

There are indications of direct Arab and PLO involvement in Australia. Gaddafi has been especially active in financing trips for Australian journalists and politicians to Libya. There is governmental and business interest in selling Australian goods and agricultural expertise to such countries as Iraq, and New Zealand mutton to the Middle East. But my impression was that, deep down, hostility to the Arabs was still a more potent factor than the considerations generated by these Arab contacts.

ISRAELI hasbara to the media tends to be weak and ineffective. Part of the problem derives from the fact that there are relatively few Jews in the news media. The importance of encouraging young Jews to work in the media is just beginning to dawn on the leaders of the Jewish communities.

The other problem is that it is clearly impossible to do effective work on the image of a Begin-led Israel. The conclusion to be drawn is that hasbara should concentrate on explaining Israel "in spite of the Begin image." But this obviously is a line that cannot be effectively pursued by official representatives of the Israel government. The result is ineffective hasbara.

The main exceptions to this argument are the small groups of fundamentalist Christians, who tend to be strongly pro-Israel, and especially pro-Begin's Israel. As a critic of Begin, I found it especially important to undermine the diabolical image he has acquired. In Australia I used every opportunity to remind my audiences that "the devil" Menachem Begin had decided to allow into Israel the Vietnamese boat people who were facing death by drowning in the South China Sea six years ago. I also noted that the decision was almost Begin's first act as prime minister.

WHILE HASBARA may leave much to be desired, it is only fair to cite one example of an information success. Everyone I met — politicians, media people, and other opinion-moulders — who had been on officially sponsored trips to Israel, had returned home immensely impressed with the country and its political positions in the ongoing war with the Arabs. Several Australian Labourites who had visited Israel told me that they hadn't realized how small the country was and how unrealistic and unfair it was to expect Israel to retreat from the Golan Heights and the West Bank.

When I remarked that they must have heard and read those arguments countless times, they admitted as much, but added that seeing the reality for themselves made all the difference.

"IF I HAD wanted to chronicle the good things Israeli soldiers did for the civilian population in Lebanon and the Palestinians, I could have filled three books," declares Dov Irmiya, formerly of the Israel Defence Forces aid unit for South Lebanon. "But I am not interested in showing that we are merely better than others, better than the Syrians or the PLO or the Lebanese themselves. We have to be perfect."

The 69-year-old sgan-aluf, the oldest reservist officer to have served in the Lebanese war and one of that war's bitterest critics, is the personification of the old Yishuv. With grey hair and moustache, and a deeply lined face, he speaks with the fervour of an ancient prophet and the conviction of a left-wing Zionist ideologue. Almost a year after the start of Operation Peace for Galilee, he is more convinced than ever that the whole campaign was a disastrous blunder.

His career spans the struggle for Jewish statehood. He served in the Hagana in the Jezreel Valley in the 1930s, volunteered for the British army in World War II, smuggled "illegal" immigrants, served as company commander and deputy-battalion commander in the IDF, taught Hebrew to immigrants and joined a kibbutz.

Regional commander of Kiryat Shmona in the Six Day War, he later founded the civil defence in Nahariya, where he still lives. He was cited for his part in the battle with a terrorist gang that attacked Nahariya. He became head of security in the Gaaton (Western Galilee) region. He served in the IDF aid unit for South Lebanon in Operation Litani and during the first months of the recent war.

His opposition to official Israeli policy towards the Arabs goes back a long way. He refused the post of military commander of Nazareth in 1952 because of opposition to the military government imposed on Israeli Arabs at that time.

Since being ousted from the IDF aid unit last year after he "went public" with his public criticism of the aid operation, he has been the driving force behind a Jewish-Arab committee for assistance to the refugees. He is well known in Tyre and Sidon and in the refugee camps, to which he brought clothing and equipment (in recent days) prefabricated huts for classrooms.

AFTER publishing a number of articles and giving interviews in which he criticized not only the war itself, but also the conduct of IDF soldiers and specifically of his own aid unit, he privately published *My War Diary*. "I was writing in Hebrew, speaking to my people, my army and my children," he says. "But I don't accept the thesis that I am giving ammunition to our enemies. It is our actions that harm Israel, not what people write about those actions."

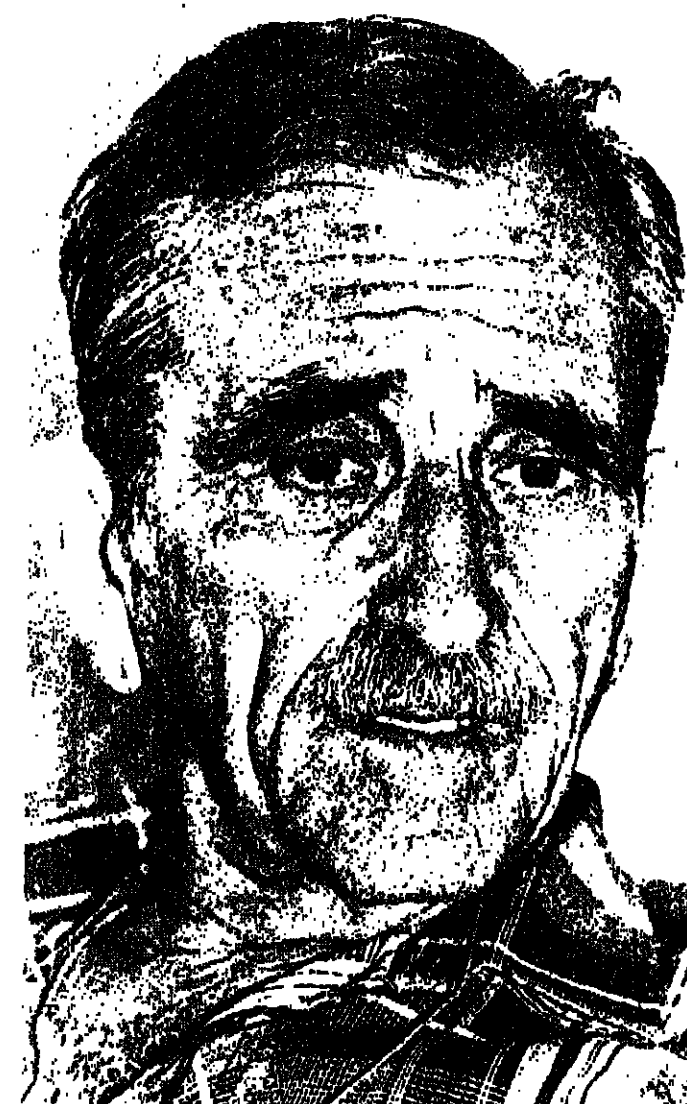
Irmiya's diary does not tell a pretentious story. He maintains that the claim of *tohar hbneshet* (fighting clean) covered up a lot of brutality and insensitivity on the part of the IDF. He does report humane behaviour by soldiers. But his main purpose was to expose the embarrassing things.

He asserts that in the first days after the conquest of Tyre and Sidon, curfews and harassment of the local population were out of all proportion to the danger of terrorist attacks on IDF troops. The aid unit not only did not operate well, the army actually hindered the efforts of the Lebanese to help themselves.

Many officers in the aid unit showed a marked lack of sympathy for the plight of the local population, although they were under orders to extend maximum assistance. He cites the example of refusing to allow a supply ship, chartered from Cyprus by a local millionaire, to land its cargo. Some officers accused the locals of hoarding food.

When Minister of Economic Coordination Ya'acov Meridor visited Sidon, he was given an up-beat briefing by local commanders and told that the local population was deliberately sabotaging IDF efforts. In Irmiya's view, this was totally untrue.

Irmiya reports that when Meridor was asked what should be done with the refugees, the minister gestured with his hands northwards and said: "Push them out and don't let them



## Senior critic

'If we can risk our lives to kill, we can risk our lives to give aid and comfort,' says Dov Irmiya. The oldest IDF officer to have served in Lebanon outlines his complaints in an interview with The Jerusalem Post's DANIEL GAVRON.

come back." This attitude from the top, maintains Irmiya, permeated down to the ranks and led to a combination of brutality and apathy.

In the book's most striking passage, Irmiya describes the prolonged detention of 500-600 locals in a monastery yard in Sidon: the prisoners sat in rows in the sun, hands tied behind their backs, hungry, thirsty, frightened (in some cases) wounded. IDF soldiers passed down the rows, beating the men with clubs and pulling them into line by their hair.

One prisoner sat propped against a pillar and an armed IDF officer repeatedly kicked him in the face, which was already swollen and bleeding. When Irmiya remonstrated, he was told: "This

man is dangerous. He has been trying to loosen his bonds. I am making an example of him. We don't want them to stick a knife in our backs."

A colonel sat nearby like a statue and did not intervene. Later the officer who administered the beating came to Irmiya and said: "Look, maybe you should make up your minds. The battalion commander told us to be tough with them. Now you look displeased. Can you give us clear orders?"

I ASK IRMIYA whether his diary does not give an exaggerated picture, emphasizing the negative and skating over the positive. I did not see signs of a terrorized population on my own visits to Lebanon, I tell him.

"Look here," he says, "I did not say that we were going through the streets murdering and beating up people. There is no doubt that the Lebanese and the refugees were impressed with the IDF's behaviour. Compared with the Syrians and the PLO, or even compared with the way the Lebanese treat each other, the IDF behaved well. But facts are facts."

"Eight people died in captivity during those first three days in Sidon. I have their names. Whether they died from beating, or thirst, or hunger, or heart attacks, I don't know. But no one has been tried and I doubt whether anyone will be. For me this is a catastrophe."

There has been a notable change in attitude and standards of behaviour since the Litani Operation, asserts Irmiya. He had served under Binyamin Ben-Eliezer then, and the assistance effort had been superb. The orders had come from then-defence minister Ezer Weizman, and the chief of staff, Korosene, food, clothing, blankets and prefabricated housing were brought in. Everything possible had been done to aid the refugees. "Fuad [Ben-Eliezer] worked us like slaves," he says admiringly.

This time the attitude was entirely different, says Irmiya. He quotes an officer in the aid unit as saying, "the less help they get the better," and a soldier's statement: "Give them poison — not assistance." When Irmiya took the initiative, travelling day and night among the civilian population and the refugees to try to help, he was rebuked for "taking risks."

"I told my CO that if we can risk our lives to kill, we can risk our lives to bring aid and comfort," he says proudly.

I point out that, despite his report of Meridor's "instruction" concerning the refugees, they had not in fact been expelled. How does he explain this? He attributes it more to bad management than to goodwill. Deporting thousands of refugees is a complicated logistical operation, he says, and insufficient thought was given to it. "Anyway, if you take the men and put them in the Ansar detention camp, the families are not going to move out."

Some assistance units did operate well, says Irmiya, singling out Zvi Elpeleg and his people in Nabatiya. Many IDF soldiers, particularly in the combat units, behaved with decency and humanity. But his own unit, despite being under orders to assist the stricken population, was often heartless and obstructive, or at best apathetic.

IRMIYA MAINTAINS that the steady decline in standards in the country, and specifically in the IDF, led to the Lebanon war. The degeneration started a long time ago, as soon as the army became professional. Israel had to be strong, he concedes, but a country that lives

on its strength must inevitably suffer a decline in morality. As soon as officers began to travel in luxurious cars and to have professional ambition, the spirit of the Palmah was lost, he says. The Palmah was unique in that its soldiers were also farmers.

He believes there are still fine officers in the IDF, particularly in the combat units; but the quality of army officers is not what it once was.

In his diary, Irmiya records his disgust at the way religious soldiers fervently sang Shabbat songs on the first Friday night of the war. "I hate them," he wrote. "I am ashamed to belong to a people which can sing over dead bodies."

Challenged on this passage, he does not retract. "They were singing to celebrate the victory as well as Shabbat," he says. "All I could think of then was the smell of rotting corpses."

A self-confessed atheist, he dislikes organized religion and is depressed by the increasing number of skull-caps he sees in the streets. Playwright Yehoshua Sobol's statement that "Judaism is overwhelming Zionism" may be correct. The traditional Jewish hatred of the goy, the justified result of persecution, has been perverted to an irrational hatred of the Arab, which is not unlike anti-Semitism.

Irmiya is deeply pessimistic about the state of the nation. What is happening on the West Bank is worse than what happened in Lebanon, he believes. If the occupation continues, so will the decline in national standards. "It isn't just our behaviour in the territories," he insists, "but the insane direction of our national resources there, which apparently even the Americans cannot stop."

Zionism succeeded as long as it was moral, he asserts. If it becomes immoral, it is doomed. He believes that a new "Arab Zionism" might prevail; he points out that it is also based on a yearning for "Zion," Jerusalem. He thinks that Israel has created a hostile Palestinian state by conflict, which could have helped establish a friendly neighbour to share the territory of the Land of Israel.

HISTORICALLY, he avers, the Jewish people has always destroyed itself from within. Last time around it was the Zealots who fought Rome and ensured Israel's destruction, and "today the zealots are running things again."

If he does not see a light at the end of the tunnel, would he advise his children to leave Israel? "No. Never. I cannot conceive of such a thing. One thing I haven't given up is the struggle for what I believe in." He finds his answer in action, throwing himself into the work of his Jewish-Arab relief committee. The latest project, prefabs for classrooms, is about to be consummated, after endless bureaucratic delays.

"During the war, when I got depressed, I concentrated on getting another water tanker to the prisoners. I fought to get food and clothing. Today, outside the IDF framework, I am going to get those huts into the Ein Hilwe refugee camp."

The committee — half of whose members are Jews, and the other half, Arabs from Galilee — is a good example of inter-communal cooperation. But it is short of money. "We desperately need some 153 million," he says. "The committee members work on a voluntary basis. The cash goes for the refugees."



THE MESSAGE is so high-pitched that human antennae convey only an echo sense that something is being transmitted. A visitor to Cairo suspects that what he is hearing is a tremendous statement about the human condition, even if he is not sure what it is.

At first glance, a car running a red light under the dispirited gaze of a traffic policeman too helpless in the chaos about him to even look annoyed seems to symbolize the surrender of urban civilization.

This quick insight, however, is confounded by the realization that the maelstrom of Cairo is matched by an even more extraordinary sweetness of disposition on the part of its inhabitants. To see humanity flourishing in this ant-hill is to touch a mystery.

IT WAS Friday morning and crowds surged in and out of the large mosque in the medieval quarter of Cairo. Uncertain whether non-Muslims could enter during prayers, I inquired of a man in Western dress coming out. Yes, it was all right to go in, he said. He was in his early 30s, wore glasses and spoke good English.

As the crowds started to jostle us apart, I said, "I'm a journalist and would like to talk with you. Would you have time for coffee later?" He sidestepped the throng and went inside with me.

The cathedral-like space was at once awesome and homey. At the rear of the mosque, men lay casually on the beautiful rugs, some of them napping, one reading a newspaper. This informality bespoke not irreverence, but an intimacy with the house of worship reminiscent of a shleibel. At the front, a group of about 30 men moved in a circle in a dervish-like dance, periodically jumping in unison and repeating the same chant over and over.

"We find it difficult when we pray to clear our heads of distracting thoughts," said my companion. "These people are trying to do that by praying in this way."

When we left the mosque, it became clear that he had joined me out of politeness, for his family was waiting for him in a car around the corner. It was the anniversary of his father's death and they were on the way to the cemetery.

My companion, Ahmed, turned out to be a doctor. He introduced me to his family, including a bright-eyed five-year-old daughter who spoke English, and said he would stop by my hotel in the evening.

WHEN HE CAME we agreed to avoid politics and were partially successful. As we sat in the cafe of the Nile-side hotel, filled with Western and Japanese businessmen and monied Egyptians, he quoted a passage from the Koran describing how Mohammed, near despair, is encouraged by God.

"Your Lord has not forsaken you and the latter portion will be better than the former. Did He not find you an orphan and protect you? Did He not find you wandering and direct you? Did He not find you destitute and enrich you?"

The passage was from a section of the Koran known as the Doha, or late morning hours, and Ahmed said he had named his daughter Doha because of its meaning to him.

"When life gets hard I read this passage. It gives me strength. If we didn't believe, how could we go on?" He did not go to the mosque every day nor did he recite the five daily prayers, but he was a believer and so, he said, was very Moslem.

Ahmed wanted to show me Cairo in his car, but there was a woman he

# Beyond the chaos

Egypt is clearly more than 'the sum of its calamities,' writes ABRAHAM RABINOVICH. He felt 'the apparent triumph of human temperament in adversity' on a visit to Cairo last month.



wanted to pick up first, a former patient named Mimi. "She'll probably say no, but I want to try to get her out of the house," he had operated on her years before, he told me, and saved her life. Since then she had been part of the family.

IT WAS ABOUT 9 o'clock and the chaotic traffic had ebbed. The car ran aground once trying to breast a hump in the road where repairs were underway, but some youngsters appeared out of the shadows and pushed it over. Ahmed seemed to regard it as natural that the youngsters in this slum area had come not to taunt or stare but to help.

Mimi's apartment-house had once known grandeur — a large, arched entranceway and an impressive facade. It was now coated with the thick layer of the dust that the street was strewn with large pieces of stone dug up in nearby excavations for Cairo's long-mooted subway system.

It was a short, bent woman in her 50s who opened the door. She ushered us into her salon, formal and depressing, but Ahmed said, "We're not guests, Mimi. Let's sit in the kitchen."

Mimi was a Copt, who had taught French in a private school until her illness. She had extraordinarily large eyes — offputting until one sensed their warmth and directness. She seemed unselfconscious about the clutter of the dim-lit kitchen or the roaches. A half-eaten pizza pie sent by an upstairs neighbour could be politely declined, but there was no way of refusing the bitter-tasting date juice Mimi had made herself.

Upon learning that I was from Israel, she produced an envelope with a Florida postmark. She explained through Ahmed that it was from a Jewish woman, a former

neighbour, who had married an Egyptian Moslem in Cairo and returned to her native America after his death. The woman — Mimi called her Tante — was inviting Mimi to come and live with her there.

Mimi was tempted, said Ahmed, but she would not go because she was too involved with friends in Cairo. "She is always helping people. I come to her with my problems too."

As we drove up into the Mukattem hills for a view of Cairo by night, Mimi fell silent. "She's worried about the house watchman's daughter," said Ahmed. The 16-year-old girl, it seemed, had been married off by her parents to a wealthy farmer in Upper Egypt. She did not want to live in the provinces, particularly not for a groom who had little education. The wedding had been held in the village the previous week, and the day after her parents returned to Cairo the girl had fled. She had not returned home and was still missing. "Her parents are to blame," said Mimi with feeling.

The main streets of Cairo's residential quarters were still alive with people as we drove back to my hotel just before midnight and said goodbye. What I had witnessed this night was a network of relations that seemed to indicate a people who have not walled themselves off from each other, a people with a remarkable sense of caring. A tiny sampling, to be sure, on which to base generalities. But this theme was to be reinforced in future encounters.

SUFFERING a bad case of "gypsy tummy," the Cairo sewer system gurgles up to street level about a hundred times a day. Generally, it is a smallish inundation at some street intersection which the crowds skirt without taking much notice and

which subsides on its own. Sometimes it is like an eleventh plague visited on the Egyptians as an afterthought.

Last December, apocalypse arrived. Two million people in neighbourhoods on the west bank of the Nile, including some of the most expensive in the city, had raw sewage running through their streets as a result of the failure of two major force-mains, which were supposed to have been replaced five years earlier. For two weeks, until round-the-clock repairs were completed, drinking water was cut off for a day or two at a time because of the danger of contamination.

If the focus of national aspirations in pharaonic times was the grandeur of the pyramids, there is today no greater physical concern in Egypt than the sewer systems of the big cities. It is a major political issue, not only because riots over sewer flooding have already taken lives, but because it is a significant yardstick of the quality of life the government can deliver. Built to serve two million people earlier in the century, the Cairo system is now used by some 5-6 million.

"It will take \$2 billion to modernize the Cairo sewer system," says an American AID official in the capital. "We have a five year plan, and when it's done, the system will serve 10 to 12 million people." A quarter of the funding is to be American, a quarter British and the rest provided by the Egyptian government. There appeared to be some doubt in foreign quarters about the government's ability to muster the money, the management of the project, or the political will to see it through — but hope still prevailed.

SEWERS are only part of Cairo's physical problems. "The whole infrastructure is being held together by band-aids," said one foreign official. "The deeper you get into the

problems, the more intractable they seem."

A contrary opinion was expressed by an American trouble-shooter who has served as a consultant in Calcutta and elsewhere in the Third World. "There's no question that Cairo is at a turn-around point. It always looks worst just before it starts to get better, partially because of the very efforts you're investing — such as digging up the streets for a subway."

Cairo's population was two million in 1974, when the population began pouring in from the countryside. The built-up Cairo region today contains close to nine million.

To siphon off population, Egypt is building a ring of new towns around the capital. "We are building them in the desert and not along the Nile, because we don't want to build on arable land," says a government planner. "There isn't much left."

IT WAS A CASE of possible manslaughter or criminal negligence — two young American visitors fighting in the hotel corridor and crashing into the door of an elevator shaft with such force that it swung inwards, sending the youths hurtling down five storeys. One was killed and one survived.

The pretty receptionist looked flustered when a foreign journalist said he would like to see where the accident had happened. She consulted with someone on the telephone in Arabic and said, "The manager says there's nothing to see."

"Please call the manager back and tell him that if there's nothing to see, there's no reason why I can't see it. But if he refuses, people abroad are going to know that this hotel has something to hide."

After another brief telephone consultation she said, "The manager will be happy to see you." The manager turned out to be a middle-aged woman whose pleasant face was laced with a nervous smile. A fatal accident in a newish hotel is not a happy thing.

She led me to the sixth floor of the 23-storey building where workmen were making repairs in one of the two elevator shafts. The elevators were not some jerry-built local product, but modern-looking Otis imports. They had been installed two years earlier, the manager said, by a French company. After explaining in detail what had happened, she invited me to her office for tea. We were joined by the hotel's white-haired engineering consultant.

AS WE WAITED for the tea, a woman in her early 20s entered. Her head was covered by the kerchief worn by religious women. She seemed a product of the Islamic societies encouraged on the campuses by the late Anwar Sadat as a counter to the communists before he realized that he had helped to create a radical right-wing entity.

"We were not introduced, but the tea was a long time coming and I ventured to address this representative of Militant Islam."

"May I ask what your headscarf signifies?"

She turned out to be the manager's daughter. Her pale, bespectacled face, which had seemed inanimate before, came alive with a brilliant smile as she spoke, rendering her beautiful.

She had adopted the veil three years before while a student, she said. "It happened suddenly, all over Egypt, to all my friends as well."

How had it changed her life?

"Well, I don't go swimming any more, for one thing."

"She used to swim like a fish," said her mother, with what seemed a mixture of pride and regret.

There were swimming clubs open exclusively to women twice a week, said the daughter, but they are "not sure" because waiters or the like might suddenly pass through.

She had graduated in English literature and a few months ago had married a man who worked in a bank. "He's very religious," said her mother. She didn't sound particularly happy about it.

How do young religious people meet?

"Through friends or relatives," said the girl. "A meeting is arranged and you come calling with your family. Yes, the boy and girl can go out on the balcony and talk privately. Why not?"

How does a girl who wears the veil get along with a mother who doesn't?

The mother smiled into the near distance with what seemed tolerance and affection, as if she'd been through many a good-natured argument on the subject with her daughter.

Said the girl: "You don't have to be religious to be good."

I asked if she went to the cinema.

"Not any more."

"The theatre?"

"Well, only if it's something special."

"Do you wear the veil abroad?"

"I did last year when I went to Kuwait."

"Do you wear it in Europe?"

A smile. "Not in Europe."

Despite her veil, I said, she didn't seem very much cut off from the world. "Why should I be?" she said. "I'm alive to the world. I like people very much. I'm not an extremist. If I were, I wouldn't talk to a stranger like youself."

"Here in Egypt," put in the avuncular engineer, "we're moderate in all things, even extremism."

MOST OF THE Islamic experts I had spoken to didn't think so. Religious extremism was definitely on the rise, they said. It had killed Anwar Sadat. However, a young diplomat, a man who had lived with an Egyptian family while studying Arabic, had told me that the university students had been attracted to Islam because it offered "a life package — an answer to the problems of life."

This description seemed to fit the hotel manager's daughter. And Dr. Ahmed as well. In the crush of life, amidst the dirt and crowds and noise of Cairo, they had found in Islam consolation and meaning. Again, how representative they are is something that an untutored visitor cannot know. But alongside the Mosque Militant, there is clearly also a human face.

IT CAME where least expected — passing through a village of largely mud huts on the road to the Step Pyramid outside Cairo. It was a message in impeccable Hebrew painted in large black letters on a whitewashed wall: "Fur jackets sold here cheaply."

HIS WHITE turban indicated that he was not a waiter, only a busboy who removed the coffee cups from the café tables. Yet he said he worked by day in the Defence Ministry and his dignified posture and measured speech gave room for speculation as to what he did there.

My companion, a Western academic who spoke Arabic, asked what he thought of Sadat's trip to Jerusalem and of the Americans. He favoured Sadat's initiative and

he praised the Americans "for trying to make two of her friends friends of each other." But when asked what he thought of Sadat's open door policy that had brought back foreign investors in large numbers, and a blossoming Egyptian layer of affluence, there was no hint of diplomatic niceties. "I'm against it because it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

SOCIAL TENSIONS that may become dangerous, religious tensions

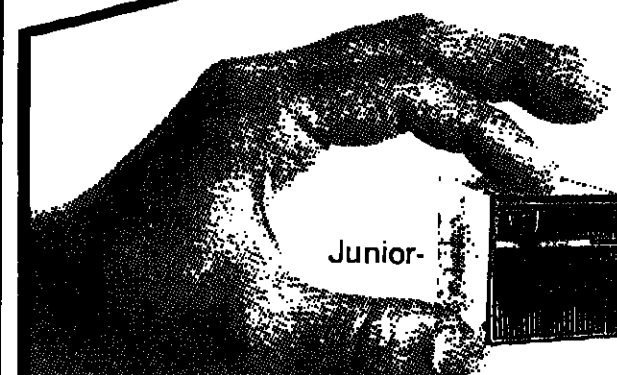
that already are, arable land ominously shrinking, population devastatingly growing, a physical infrastructure held together by band-aids and an economy in need of prayer. All this and politics too.

Yet even for a first-time visitor,

Egypt is clearly not the sum of its calamities. One feels its timeless depth and, somewhere beneath the din, its serenity. Above all, there is the apparent triumph of human temperament in adversity. Perhaps that is the message one is hearing.

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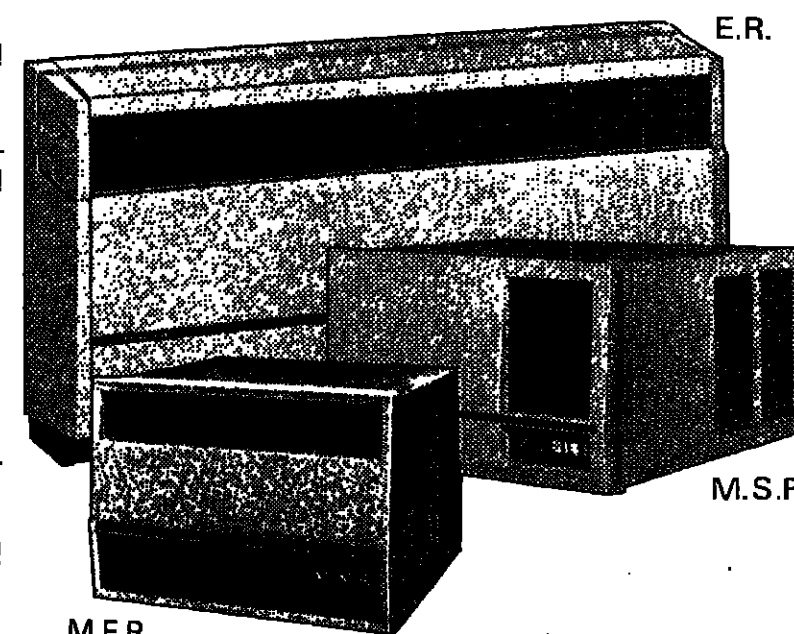
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# Organization for the Implementation of the Social Security Agreement (Israel-West Germany) To Israeli Citizens, Whatever their Religion or Country of Origin

In the face of the pressure—  
**WE ARE MAKING A LAST EFFORT**  
to help all who have not yet registered to  
obtain a retirement/disability pension from Germany  
**ONLY UNTIL JUNE 3**

Under the agreement signed between the governments of Israel and West Germany, every Israeli citizen is entitled to join the West German social security programme, irrespective of his religion or country of origin, up to June 13, 1983. The scheme covers all Israeli citizens living within the green line who do not have German citizenship.

Implementation of the Social Security Agreement (Israel-West Germany) has taken urgent action in order to make it possible for Israeli citizens to realize their right during the short time left. The organization will assist those who apply to it to register with the German national insurance institute. Because of the amount of material to be handled, the Organization will stop receiving applications on June 3, 1983.

There is less than a month left to register.

Here is the opinion of the experts:

## Organizations of the Disabled and Other Organizations and Institutions that have received registration forms for their members

are asked to let us have these immediately, filled in and signed, to allow us to effect registration at the West German National Pensions Office in time.

## Twice as good as any Israeli pension scheme

The yield of the German social security scheme has been checked by actuaries, including Mr. Yitzhak Blass, formerly chief actuary of the Histadrut's pension funds. It was found that, in most cases, the German scheme gives one twice (or more) what any comparable Israeli scheme yields.

In the German scheme, in order to receive such a pension (DM 381) one must pay in only DM 23,100, irrespective of age.

And if you have studied for 8 years after the age of 16, you receive in the German scheme an addition of DM 220/month, a total of DM 601, for the same payment of DM 23,100.

## How much would one pay in a comparable scheme in this country?

In order to receive a monthly payment of DM 381/month, one would have to invest in an Israeli scheme the equivalent of:

at age 30	DM 26,721
at age 40	DM 44,459
at age 50	DM 53,283
at age 60	DM 62,160

## Details of the German social security scheme:

1. The German social security benefits do not replace benefits due you from the Israel National Insurance Institute, or from other provident funds. The German benefits are paid in addition.

2. Monthly payments are made in Deutsche marks, in the following categories:

A. Retirement pension — payable at 65 (men and women), if you meet certain

German and Israel national insurance criteria, you may be eligible for a pension even before this age.

B. Disability benefit — for full or partial disablement.

C. Child allowance of DM 150/month/child for those receiving allowances — for parents with children not yet 18, or — if the child is still studying — not yet 25.

D. Survivor's pension — for widows and orphans of persons who died between October 18, 1972 and June 12, 1980.

E. Pension for the widow of an insured person — in the case of the death of the insured person, the monthly payment to the widow is 60% for the rest of her life.

3. The insured person pays a "joining the fund" premium. The amount paid is chosen by the person concerned — a number of levels are available. The benefit is determined by the level of the premium, plus the number of years the person concerned has studied.

The premium may be paid in instalments over three years, or as a one-time payment at the end of the 3 year period.

You need pay nothing at the present stage.

\* The Organization for the Implementation of the Agreement has undertaken to make it possible for tens of thousands of Israelis to realize their rights in the short time left.

\* The Organization will assist those who apply to it to register with the German national insurance institute, and will give them financial advice on the degree to which the scheme is worthwhile for them.

\* The Organization will NOT be concerned with the transfer of premiums. The currency control law requires such payments to be made by direct transfer from the bank account of the insured person to the German social insurance institute, via an Israeli Bank.

\* The account of the insured person will be debited DM 36 + VAT for registration with the German social security institute. This debit will be made only after confirmation of registration at the German institute.

\* At the present stage, all you have to do is come and register. You pay nothing now. There will be plenty of time after the end of the registration period for the filling in of the necessary forms, obtaining necessary advice, determining the fees of the lawyer in Germany, etc.

\* If you register today, it gives you the right to join the scheme, but does not obligate you to pay the premium. If you later decide not to join, you will be debited only with the DM 35 registration fee.

\* Please bring your identity card with you.

\* Therefore, even those who have not finally decided should register immediately, in order not to forfeit their rights.

Zvi Avrahami  
Chairman, Organization for the Implementation of the Social Security Agreement (Israel-West Germany)

## How much do you pay — and how much do you receive?

The following table gives examples of investment possibilities — and the sums received:

Amount invested per month for 3 years*	DM 267	DM 411	DM 539	DM 642
You receive:				
No. of years of study after age 16				
0 years	DM 852	DM 1,872	DM 3,156	DM 4,572
2 years	DM 1,648	DM 2,568	DM 3,840	DM 5,232
4 years	DM 2,232	DM 3,252	DM 4,524	DM 5,892
6 years	DM 2,916	DM 3,936	DM 5,208	DM 6,552
8 years	DM 3,600	DM 4,620	DM 5,892	DM 7,212

\* The payment may also be made as a one-time payment, 3 years after joining. Note: Once a year, the payments are increased, in line with the rise in the average wage in West Germany. It is thus reasonable to expect a rise in the pension every year.

## For whom is the scheme particularly advantageous?

\* People aged 50 or more, since they will start to receive a pension at 65 (or earlier, in accordance with the regulations of the German and Israeli social security schemes).

\* Widows of those who died between October 18, 1972 and June 12, 1980, as they will be able to submit a request to join the fund as a successor to the deceased person, and they will be able to obtain a pension immediately, and receive it for life.

\* Disabled persons — fully or partially disabled — including IDF disabled. In most cases, they will be able to obtain a disability benefit immediately — for life.

\* People with higher education, since the pension they receive is related to the number of years they have studied, but the premium remains the same.

## Applications received after June 3 CANNOT BE DEALT WITH.

## Registration Centres in the big towns will open Saturday night.

TEL AVIV  
Asiara Hotel  
(opp. the  
Dolphinarium)  
Room 521

JERUSALEM  
Aparotel  
214 Rehov Yafa  
(near Sarel Yisrael  
corner)

HAIFA  
Zohar Hotel  
5 Rehov Baerwald  
(behind the  
Municipality  
building)

BEERSHEBA  
Zohar Hotel  
Shazar Ave.  
(opp. Beit Ha'am)

These centres will open SATURDAY NIGHT from 7 to 11 p.m., during the coming week — from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. continuously. Friday — till 3 p.m. Because of the shortness of the time available, telephone calls cannot be accepted.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

# POST PULLOUT GUIDE

## The Poster

### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

#### Jerusalem

BRURIA — Gabi Lev and Ruth Wier in a dramatization of Talmudic and Midrashic sources. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GIMPEL TAM — Khan Theatre production. Musical comedy based on the story by I. Bachev Singer. (Bechar Centre, 11 Bezalet, tomorrow and Sunday)

YORDIM AL HASHAYUA — Political satire by Iphaim Sidon and B. Michael. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow and Wednesday, at 9 p.m.)

#### Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VS. AUDIENCE — By Peter Hunk. Directed by Tami Lederer. (Jaffa, Haima, 8 Mizal Dagim, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

BORDERLINE CASE — By Ruth Hazan. Music by Alex Kagan. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday and Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Musical written and directed by Dan Almogor. (Beit Dany, Hativah Quarter, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CIRCASSIAN CHALK CIRCLE — By Brecht, Camerl production. (Camerl, Wednesday and Thursday)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted and starring Niko Nilai. (Hasmita, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

GRUS CALIN — Emile Ajar's play translated, adapted and starring Niko Nilai. (Hasmita, tonight at 10)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — Based on stories by Y. Reuveni. Directed by Golan Becker. (Beit Lessin, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Yonatan Gefen. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9.30, tomorrow and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE LESSON — By Ionesco. (Hasmita, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

#### FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT WITH EXPLANATIONS — Aryeh Vardi, piano, plays works by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

EXITS at Liberty Bell Garden  
THE KING AND THE MOON — Dramatized story. (Karon Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

MUSIC AND DANCE — (Amphitheatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

OPEN LIBRARY — Books and games. (Sunday through Thursday from 3 to 6 p.m.)

PLANCHETTES — Wandering puppet theatre. (Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE SMOEL OF COOKING — (Karon Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

SPORTS AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES — (tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday)

YOUTH PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA — (Amphitheatre, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

#### Tel Aviv Area

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Musical written and directed by Dan Almogor. (Beit Lessin, 4 Weizmann, today at 9 a.m.)

MONUMENT REVERSED — By Joseph Mundy. Yuval Theatre production. (Holon, Matias, tonight at 10; Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TRON WOMEN — Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Tuesday)

YOSHE EGEL — By I.J. Singer. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### Haifa

BENT — By Martin Sherman. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CATS IN THE BAG — Comedy produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Traklin, tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE ISLAND — Arabic play directed by Amit Gadi. (Little Theatre, tonight at 7.30)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yuval-Neve Zedek Theatre production. (Technion, tonight at 10)

#### Other towns

THE ASSISTANT — Haifa Theatre production of Bernard Malamud's story. (Hadera, Hof, Monday; Beit Shean, Tuesday)

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doranne. Written by Dario Fo and Franca Rame, directed by Ilan Eldad and translated by Ada Ben Nahum. (Mikham Hanegev, tonight at 10; Rehovot, Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, tomorrow)

LATE DIVORCE — (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TRUE WEST — Camerl production. (Beersheba, Wednesday and Thursday)

CLASSICAL AND LIGHT — Musical event with Amos Miller. (Jaffa, Haimita, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lilah Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 4.30 p.m.)

FROM LAUGHTER TO LAUGHTER — Play by Tibi Gottlieb. (Tzavta, today at 3)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — "Solo, Duo, Trio, Quartet." (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD — Meimud Theatre production. For ages 6-11. (Beit Arieli, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Songs and games with Dania Ben-David. (Jaffa, Haimita, 8 Mizal Dagim, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

A STAR IN THE CLOUDS — By Benny Pevet. For ages 6 and up. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

#### Haifa

ODED'S PUPPET THEATRE — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 6.30 p.m.)

PUPPET THEATRE WORKSHOP — (Haifa Museum, Monday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

THE SURVIVOR — Play about the Holocaust by Jalk-Eigener. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow and Sunday at 11 a.m.)



A teenager plays at being a tram-driver to escape the miseries of reality in Kurosawa's film "Dodeskaden."

### ENTERTAINMENT

#### Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman. Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CLASSICAL GUITAR — With Yoel Akira. (Zvika the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zvika the Buddha, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

HAGASHASH FESTIVAL — (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dances, Pnueli Talman folkdancers. International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weigal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabius Road, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — P.C. Osherov, Saxophone, Nisim Yonai, drums, Eli Magen, Bass, Danny Gutfreund, piano. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandra Johnson with Lix Magen, piano, and Barry Kadishben, drums. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Gidon Kefen. (Moadon Shabul, Tuesday at midnight)

SYNAGOGUE ALONG WITH ORA ZITNER — Songs of Nathan Yonathan. (Beit Arieli, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

#### Jerusalem

MISSA CREOLA — By Ariel Ramirez. With Ariel Ramirez, Hum Torres, Samba Kipildor, Juan Carlos Gernajo. The Shomron Choir, directed by Michael Shani. (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodan, director. Programme of Italian vocal music. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)

ORGAN RECITAL — Bach + J. Elisabeth Telemann. Siamix and Haydn. (Holon, Yad Lebanim, tomorrow)

NOON CONCERT — Anita and Roger Kamien, piano duo, play works by Schubert. (Hebrew University, Mt. Scopus, Monday at 1.30 p.m.)

#### YERUSHALMI — (Israel Centre, 10 Strauss, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area  
ARIEL ZILBER — (Moadon Shabul, Dizengoff Centre, tonight at midnight)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Details as for Jerusalem. (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHINQUINHO TIMOTEO (Brazil) — Samba. (Moadon Shabul, tomorrow, Wednesday and Thursday at midnight)

COUNTRY AND BLUES — Only Grupe. (Moadon Shabul, Monday at midnight)

COUNTRY EYE — With Steve Taylor. (Jaffa, Haimita, 8 Mizal Dagim, tonight at midnight)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Beit Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH FESTIVAL — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45)

MATTI CASPI — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9.30 and midnight)

JAZZ — The Nigun Performers. (Hasmita, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — P.C. Osherov, Saxophone, Nisim Yonai, drums, Eli Magen, Bass, Danny Gutfreund, piano. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandra Johnson with Lix Magen, piano, and Barry Kadishben, drums. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Gidon Kefen. (Moadon Shabul, Tuesday at midnight)

SYNAGOGUE ALONG WITH ORA ZITNER — Songs of Nathan Yonathan. (Beit Arieli, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

#### SONGS — SACRED AND PROFANE — With Meir Ariel. (Hasmita, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

YITZHAK KLEPTER — (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

#### Haifa

DAVID BROZA — (Neve She'an, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

DRUNK WITH JOY — Yossi Banai in his new programme of song, satire and comedy. (Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shlomo Bar Aba, Oldi Giv, Shlomo Yadav, Meir Mosheov, Yoni Rechter. (Beit Abba Khousty, tonight at 10 p.m.)

#### Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — (Ayelet Hashahar, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — (Be'er Tuvia, tonight at 9 p.m.)

DRUNK WITH JOY — (Kfar Sava, Monday)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — (Metulla, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — Hana Rossenne. (Ramat David, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

SAFAD'S OLD JEWISH QUARTER — Conducted tours including synagogues and cemeteries. (Call 087-3044 Sundays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; or POB 321, Safad 13100.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Shlomo Romy-Riklis, conductor. Oleg Musenberg, piano. Works by Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow) Klaus Fennstedt, conductor. Bella Davidovich, piano. Barber: Adagio for Strings. Chopin: Piano Concerto no. 1. Schubert: Symphony no. 9. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

BACH, BIRDS AND BELIEF — Third concert in the series. Varda Nishri, piano. Avraham Malamed, violin. Kevin Allen, piano. Works by J.S. Bach, Richard Leight Harris, William Walton, Michael Tippett, Benjamin Coyn, Haydn. (Givatayim, Beit Alon, 8 Lohi, tomorrow)

CAMERAN SINGERS — Avner Itai, conductor. Scarlatti, Shmuel Maier. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

GILA YARON, soprano, IDIT ZVI, piano — Schoenberg: 8 songs, op. 6; Schumann: 5 Mignon songs; Liszt: 2 arrangements of songs by Schumann; Liszt: 2 Sonetti del Petrarca. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

(Continued on page C)

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## JERUSALEM Cinemas

### CINEMA 1 JERUSALEM

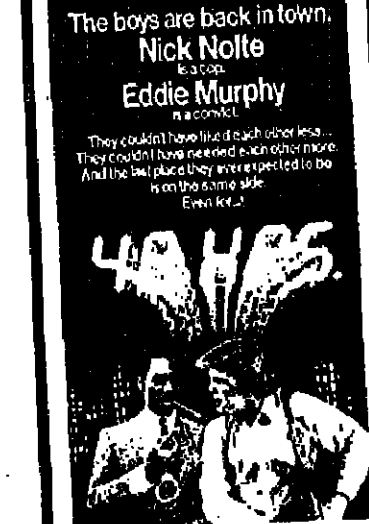
Houses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067  
Fri., May 27:  
Hot Bubblegum 2:30  
Arthur 4:30  
Sat., May 28:  
Monty Python and the Holy Grail 7:30, 9:15  
Sun., May 29:  
Hot Bubblegum 7  
Mon., May 30:  
The Song Remains the Same 6:45, 9:15  
Tue., May 31:  
Anne (The Musical) 5:30  
The Graduate 7:30, 9:30  
Wed., June 1:  
Anne (The Musical) 5:30  
The Graduate 7:30  
Lili Marlene 9:30  
Thurs., June 2:  
Lili Marlene 7  
The Graduate 9:15

### EDEN

**VIGILANTE**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### EDISON

4th week  
The boys are back in town.  
Nick Nolte  
Eddie Murphy  
They couldn't have had each other less...  
They couldn't have needed each other more...  
And like the best of them, they were expected to be...  
non-homosexuals.  
Emmett



Sat. 7:15, 9:15 Weekdays 4, 7, 9  
DOLBY STEREO

### HABIRAH

**ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE**  
Sat. 7, 9:15  
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9:15

### ISRAEL MUSEUM

Tue. 8, 8:30  
THE STING  
Wed. Thurs. 3:30  
THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

### KFIR

5th week  
**PINK FLOYD THE WALL**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### MITCHELL

16th week  
\* RICHARD GERE  
\* DEBRA WINGER  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 6:30, 9

### ORION

3rd week  
**FRANCES**  
Sat. 7, 9:15  
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

### TOOTSIE

Sat. 6:45, 9:10  
Weekdays 6:30, 9  
\* DUSTIN HOFFMAN  
\* JESSICA LANGE

### ORNA

5th week  
**GANDHI**  
Sat. 8 p.m. only  
Weekdays 4, 8  
\* Oscars  
No complimentary tickets or reductions

### RON

**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 6:45, 9:15

### SEADAR

Portuguese film  
**I LOVE YOU**  
\* SONIA BRAJA  
Hebrew and English subtitles  
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

### SMALL AUDITORIUM

**BINYENEI HA'UMA**  
4th week  
**DIVA**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:15  
Weekdays 7, 9

### TEL AVIV Cinemas

2nd week  
**VIGILANTE**  
4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### BEN YEHUDA

5th week  
Tonight 10, 12  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30, 12 midnight  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30  
\* Oscar  
\* Best Picture

### CHEN 2

3rd week  
Agatha Christie's  
**MURDER SHE SAID**  
Starring Margaret Rutherford  
as Miss Marple  
With Arthur Kennedy  
Tonight 10, 12:10  
Sat. 7:25, 9:35  
Weekdays 4:40, 7:25, 9:35

### CHEN 3

13th week  
Tonight 10, 12:15  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30  
Academy Award  
nomination  
for the best  
screenplay  
of the year

### CHEN 4

31st week  
**MISSING**  
Tonight 9:50, 12:15  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30  
Sat. 7, 9:30  
10:30 a.m., 1:30  
MONTY PYTHON LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

### CHEN 5

24th week  
Tonight 9:45, 12:15  
Sat. 7, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

### CHEN 6

16th week  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
It's all you up where you belong  
\* RICHARD GERE  
\* DEBRA WINGER

### BETH HATEFUTSOH JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

7th week  
Sun. 5; Mon. 8:30;  
**CHARLOTTE**  
(In German with English subtitles)

### GAT

16th week  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
It's all you up where you belong  
\* RICHARD GERE  
\* DEBRA WINGER

### CHEN 1

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 2

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 3

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 4

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 5

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

### CHEN 1

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 2

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 3

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 4

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 5

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 6

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 7

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 8

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 9

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 10

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 11

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 12

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 13

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 14

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 15

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 16

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CHEN 17

3rd week  
Tonight 10, Sat. 6:40, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:45, 6:40, 9:10  
\* ACADEMY AWARD  
\* BEST ACTRESS  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### CINEMA ONE

**ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE**  
Tonight at 10  
Sat. 7, 9:30  
Weekdays 7, 9:30

### CINEMA TWO

Closed for renovations

### DEKEL

5th week  
**GANDHI**  
Winner of 8 Oscars  
Sat. 8; Weekdays 5, 8:30

### DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10, Sat. and weekdays 8, 10  
**PURSUIT**  
\* SEX FILM  
Tonight and every night 12:15 midnight

### ESTHER

Tel. 225610  
**NIGHT SHIFT**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### GORDON GIFFITIA

83 Ben Yehuda Rd. Tel. 244373  
Israel Premiere  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30  
Non-rated  
Best Foreign  
Picture

### KUROSAWA

**DODES' KA-DEN**  
English subtitles

### HOD

2nd week  
**TEN TO MIDNIGHT**  
Tonight 10  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### INSTITUT FRANCAIS

Sat. 7:30  
**LES PASSAGERS**  
\* JEAN-LOUIS TRINTIGNANT  
Tue. 7:30

### LE CRABE-TAMBOUR

\* JEAN ROCHEFORT  
**LEVI**  
Disenfranchisement  
3rd week  
Tel. 238668

### A MARRIED COUPLE

Isaac Zepel Yeshurun film  
Tonight and Tue. 10  
Weekdays 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30  
\* YARON LONDON  
\* MIRI FABIAN

### LEV II

Disenfranchisement  
4th week  
Tel. 238668  
**NIGHT PORTER**  
Tonight and Tue. 9:45; Sat. 7, 9:30  
Weekdays 1:30, 4:30, 7, 9:30

### LIMOR

Tonight 10, 12  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30  
**EMMANUELLE**  
\* SYLVIA CRISTAL

### MAXIM

3rd week  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30  
**BAMBINO IN HONG KONG**  
\* RUD SPENCER

### MOGRABI

5th week  
**TOOTSIE**  
Tonight 10  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30  
Sat. 7, 9:30

### ORLY

3rd week  
**ENIGMA**  
Sat. 7:15, 9:15  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### PARIS

2nd week  
**ROLLING STONE**  
Today 10 a.m.; 12 noon  
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30

### PEER

4th week  
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9:15  
**FRANCES**  
\* JESSICA LANGE  
\* SAM SHEPARD

### SHAHAF

4th week  
**WICKED LADY**  
Tonight 10, 12  
Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30  
Sat. 11 a.m.: THE LITTLE CONVICT

### STUDIO

Tel. 295817  
2nd week  
**MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD**  
4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### TCHETEL

6th week  
**THE VERDICT**  
\* PAUL NEWMAN  
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

### TEL AVIV

24th week  
Friday 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

Nick Nolte  
Eddie Murphy  
They couldn't have had each other less...  
They couldn't have needed each other more...  
And like the best of them, they were expected to be...  
non-homosexuals.  
Emmett

### TEL AVIV MUSEUM

9th week  
**THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT**  
3rd week  
ZAFAN  
6th week  
**DIVA**  
4:30, 7:15, 9:30

### TZAVTA

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3rd week  
Tonight at 11  
Sat. 7, 11, Sun., Tue. 4:30, 7  
Wed., Thurs. 10 p.m. only  
"83"

### HAIFA Cinemas

**AMPHITHEATRE**  
\* RUD SPENCER  
in amusing adventures  
**THEY STILL CALL ME BULLDOZER**  
4, 6:45, 9  
**AMAMI**  
5th week  
**THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO**  
6:45, 9  
**ARMON**  
**VICE SQUAD**  
\* SEASON HUBLEY  
\* GARY SWANSON  
\* WINGS HAUSER  
4, 6:45, 9  
**ATZMON**  
3rd week  
After enjoying "Mush" you  
are invited  
to a new thrill-comedy  
**YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE**  
4, 6:45, 9  
**CHEN**  
16th week  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
\* RICHARD GERE  
\* DEBRA WINGER  
4, 6:30, 9  
**GALOR**  
10, 12, 6  
**SEA WOLVES**  
\* ROGER MOORE  
12, 4, 8  
**THE STAR OF OLD STARS**  
\* BRUCE LEE  
**HAIFA MUNICIPAL THEATRE**  
Friday 2:30  
Weekdays 6:30  
**BODY HEAT**  
\* WILLIAM HART  
\* KATHLEEN TURNER  
**KEREN OR**  
**THE DEER HUNTER**  
4, 7, 9  
**MORIAH**  
6th week  
**GHANDI**  
One prf. only at 8 p.m.

### ORAH

\* DUSTIN HOFFMAN  
in Sidney Pollack's comedy  
**TOOTSIE**  
\* JESSICA LANGE  
winner of 1983 Oscar  
No complimentary tickets  
4, 6:30, 9  
**ORION**  
2nd week  
New sensational sex-y film  
**SEX FAMILISHED**  
Adults only  
nonstop performances from Friday  
**ORLY**  
5th week  
**MARRIED COUPLE**  
\* YARON LONDON  
\* MIRI FABIAN  
6:45, 9  
**PEER**  
3rd week  
**MERYL STREEP**  
Best Actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### OASIS

3rd week  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 6:40, 9:30  
\* MERYL STREEP  
Best actress  
Academy Award  
1982  
Golden Globe  
Award  
1982

### SOPHIE'S CHOICE

2nd week  
**ORDEA**  
2nd week  
**TEN TO MIDNIGHT**  
Tonight at 10  
Weekdays 7:15, 9:30  
**RAMAT GAN ZEMON**  
\* OLIVER REED  
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

### PETAH TIKVA Cinemas

**SHALOM**  
2nd week  
**FAME**  
Sat. 7, 9:30  
Sun. 7, 9:15  
Mon., Tues., Thurs. 4, 7, 9:15  
Wed. 4, 9:15  
**HOLON Cinemas**  
**MIGDAL**  
11th week  
Tonight 10  
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:30  
**AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN**  
Mat. 4:30; IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS  
By Jules Verne

### NETANYA Cinemas

**ESTHER**  
**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP**  
7, 9:30  
**SAVOY**  
2nd week  
**EVIL UNDER THE SUN**  
Tonight 10; Sat. 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

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**DAVID**  
Retained for a great  
3rd week  
**MISSING**  
Costa-Gavras' latest film  
deals with the end of the  
"sanctified dream" in Chile  
Saturday 7:15, 9:30  
Weekdays 7:15, 9:30

### Ramat Hasharon Cinemas

IN MY COLUMN of April 8 I attempted a short survey of the influence of folklore on this country's musical development since the beginning of the century. Today I shall do the same with the composers of instrumental, orchestral and chamber music who came to the country at various dates, each contributing something constructive to the field of "serious" composition. Again, I shall concentrate on what I consider the more influential or consequential composers, with apologies to those who do not find themselves among those I have chosen for this essay.

After World War I there was only a trickle of them: Yeheskiel Braun was two years old when he was brought here in 1924; Menahem Avidom was 17 when he arrived the following year; and Mordechai Seter a boy of 10 when his family immigrated in 1926. Yitzhak Edil (1896-1973) came in 1929; Erich Walter Sternberg (1891-1974) two years later; Shlomo Joffe was already 21 when he arrived in 1930.

With the rise of Hitler, the influx from Central Europe increased considerably. Paul Ben-Haim (born 1897) came in 1933; Theodor Huldheim (b. 1923), Ben-Zion Orgad (b. 1926), Karel Salomon (1897-1974) and Yehuda Wohl (b. 1904) came in 1934. The following year saw the arrival of Hanoch Jacoby (b. 1909), Josef Tal (b. 1910), and Haim Schlessinger (1893-1976). Zvi Avni, aged eight, and Marc Lavry (1903-1967) came in 1935; Haim Alexander (b. 1915) came in 1936.

Through invitations to join the forerunner of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Joseph Kaminski (1903-72) and Odedio Partos (1907-77) came in the following years. In

## Musical melting-pot

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

1938, a number of musicians/composers arrived: Alexander Uriah Boscovich (1907-64), Yaacov Gilboa (b. 1920), Joachim Stutchewsky (1891-1983), Shabbetai Petruska (b. 1903), with Abel Ehrlich (b. 1915) the last to arrive before the outbreak of World War II in 1939.

Ten years were to pass before the next two notable composers immigrated to Israel: these were Arthur Gelbrun (b. 1913) and Yitzhak Sadai (b. 1935). In the sixties, only three more joined the ranks: Sami Natra (b. 1924) in 1961; Andre Hajdu (b. 1932) in 1966; and Leon Schidlowsky (b. 1931) in 1969. Aaron Harlap (Charliff, b. 1941) arrived in 1964, but he has only become active as a composer fairly recently.

The most recent personalities from abroad include Joan Franks Williams (b. 1930) in 1971, and Mark Kopytman (b. 1929) in 1972. We can only boast of two composers born and trained in Israel: Noam Sheriff (b. 1935) and Ami Maayani (b. 1936).

The countries of origin of the 35 composers listed are Germany (14), Poland (6), USSR (3), including Baltic countries; two from Hungary, Rumania and Israel, and one from Bulgaria, Canada, the U.S., Chile and Czechoslovakia.

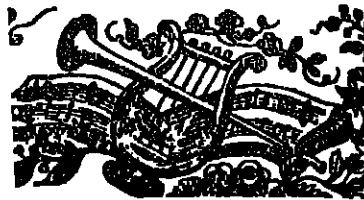
MANY DIFFERENT schools met here. Students of, or men in-

fluenced by, Wagner, Hindemith, Schreker, Schoenberg, Bartok, Kodaly, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Prokofiev, Britten, Stravinsky, the French impressionists and many other trends, they were suddenly confronted with a new reality, a new society, new demands and expectations. The emotional impact of the war, the Holocaust, a new state and an old-new people combined with the spiritual impact of the land of the Bible, its landscape and its atmosphere. The re-evaluation of inherited systems of composition in the light of unbridgeable differences between East and West in the fields of intuition, harmony, rhythm, counterpoint, etc. was further complicated by the "inventions" of contemporary experiment — clusters, aleatorics, graphics, collage and non-musical effects.

The new arrivals found hardly anything to build on — no precedents, no traditions, no experiences. Early attempts to create a new, locally-conditioned art music led to the so-called "Mediterranean school," which tried to incorporate Oriental *melos* (Sephardi, Yemenite, later Arab) into Western forms, performed with Western instruments and within Western notation. The foremost representative of this trend is Paul Ben-Haim, who, as a teacher, also influenced many younger composers in this direction.

Composers coming from a more Jewish-conscious background, such as Edil, Stutchewsky, Kaminski, Boscovich, tried in their later years to free themselves from this tradition and to adapt themselves to the new environment. Jacoby remained under the strict influence of his teacher Hindemith. Sternberg continued to the end to write "Wagnerian" music, though applied to biblical subjects. Partos, made aware by his teacher Kodaly of the importance of folklore, came to adapt the Arab *melos* and the *maqam* technique (tone series continually varied, a-rhythmical, small intervals, etc). Boscovich radically changed his originally Jewish style to accord with contemporary developments before his untimely death.

IN ADDITION to Ben-Haim, the foremost teachers among the "first generation" composers were Partos, Tal and Boscovich, later joined by Ehrlich, Sadai, Braun, Schidlowsky, Avni, Hajdu and Kopytman. Young students of composition today are taught by composers who may be categorized as modern, contemporary and avant garde. As the general attitude is against national characteristics in composition — and, anyway, our national characteristics have not yet crystallized sufficiently to find proper expression in music — the young generation choosing composition as its contribution to our culture finds itself somewhat at a loose end. Its only motivation seems to be original at any price, to win prizes at competitions and to keep up with the Joneses abroad. Parallel to this, members of the older generation do not feel much encouragement to continue in their



way of writing, as opportunities for public performances are very limited. The middle generation (Orgad, Avni, Hajdu, Natra, Maayani, Gilboa, Sheriff) are still struggling to clear their minds about the way they want to go on. Prize competitions are open only to composers up to the age of 35, and juries everywhere consider only "new" music worthy of attention. First performances are very seldom followed by repeat presentations. Tastes and styles are undergoing continual changes and reappraisals.

Maybe the creation of an Israeli national expression in serious music is not only anachronistic but also unattainable. It will certainly take several generations of search and endeavour to develop a typical and representative idiom which can stand up to international usage with honour and distinction and add our language to the chorus of nations and cultures inhabiting this globe. While one can discern an earnest struggle in the writing of the middle generation, it seems that the aspirants filling the classes in our own academies or studying in the U.S. shy away — probably under the guidance of their teachers — from swimming up a tributary river towards our national (or racial) sources, preferring to join the crowd and stay in the mainstream. Waves destined for eternity have to be high to be distinguishable above the millions of small ripples on the world's musical waters.

IT IS NOT at all uncommon for readers to write to me to complain about restaurants where they have found the food bad, the service indifferent and the prices exorbitant. Whenever possible, I have tried to visit these places to judge for myself.

What is less usual is for readers to take the time and trouble to praise a place where they find that they have eaten well. Recently I received just such a letter regarding the Safari in Herzliya Pituah.

The reader, who had been driving near the restaurant, remembered that the Safari had some sort of deal offering all the fish one could eat. As it happened, he missed the fish night, which is on Wednesday, but he stayed and was pleased with what he got.

I too missed the Wednesday night fish dinner, just as I missed the restaurant's other offer of all the ribs you can eat on Friday night. But I too was impressed.

The dining room in this non-kosher restaurant is a large sprawling affair with heavy wooden tables and chairs. In keeping with the name, there are plenty of African objects, including Zulu shields, animal pelts and so on. Located in an area where foreigners constitute a large part of the population, it has complete menus, including children's menus, in English as well as Hebrew. The waiters and waitresses are all bilingual, and there are such "Anglo-Saxon" features as baby chairs.

The service is extraordinarily pleasant and helpful. When we asked about the mushrooms listed as a first course, the waitresses readily admitted that they were tinned. In fact, there did not seem to

## Rare experience



be much interest in appetizers, and despite my commitment to my readers, I decided to forgo this course.

This was wise in a way because I was then able to take full advantage of the salad bar, which was there to add to the main course. Among the more interesting items offered here were cucumbers in a mustard dressing and two types of eggplant, one very hot and the other in a sauce so sweet that I could have closed my

MATTERS OF TASTE  
Haim Shapiro

eyes and imagined myself in the heart of the American South. Other items were more conventional: lettuce, tomatoes, grated carrots, two types of cole slaw, olives, pickles, corn and mushrooms and as much gloppy mayonnaise as one could possibly wish for.

But clearly one comes to the

Safari to eat meat. I ordered a T-bone steak and was gratified to see the waitresses smiling with approval when I ordered it rare. It was a good thing I did so because the meat was served rare in the English tradition. A Frenchman would have called it well done. Aside from that, it was very tasty; but it was not overly tender. Not objectionably tough, mind you, but distinctly on the chewy side. This did not particularly disturb me as I don't have anything

against chewing my food. Indeed, I had valued tenderness over taste, I would have ordered a fillet steak, which also appeared on the menu. With the meat I had a baked potato, served filled with a garlicky butter sauce. Any thoughts that I might have had about watching my waistline, by taking the baked potato instead of chips, were scotched by the sauce, but I enjoyed it none the less.

My companion, cognizant of her duty, ordered *boerewors*, the well-known South African sausage. I had had these before and was not overly enthusiastic; however, the sausage she got was well-seasoned and meaty, without an abundance of fat.

In my experience, there are only two kinds of sausage: the very good and the very bad. The difference between them lies, as often as not, with the intention of the maker. Does he want to produce a product as cheaply as possible, or is he interested in his own reputation as a sausage-maker? In this case, the sausage-maker was clearly concerned about his good name.

Nor could I find fault with the chips that my companion had with her meal. These too were perfectly cooked.

The desserts, on the other hand, were weak. About the only things available were ice cream and chocolate mousse. I tried the latter, which apparently had been made with some sort of prepared mix and was rather tasteless.

My companion's ice cream seemed to be the product of one of the commercial brands and adequate, if not very exciting.

The coffee was good. The bill, including a few bottles of local beer, came to \$1.105.

## This Week in Israel-The Leading Tourist Guide-This Week in Israel-The Leading

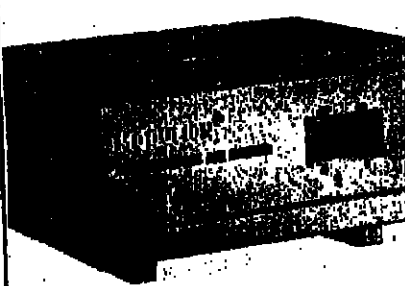
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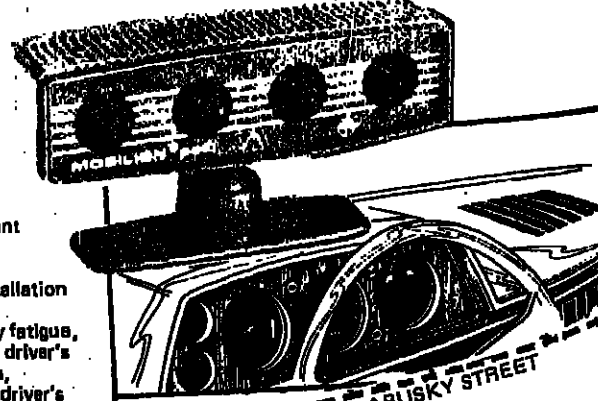


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READERS of this column may be aware by now that its writer is biased on two points. My first prejudice is against any performance in which actors do not speak their lines clearly, so that we lose a considerable part of what is happening on the stage. This applies to *The Israeli Experience* at Beit Leissin.

My second prejudice is against the adaptation for the stage of novels or stories; the skills and techniques are different, and the drama usually loses out. In this case Yoram Ruvenin, a novelist and short-story writer, has done the adaptation himself, which is an advantage. Still, the novelist's approach shines through. There is no dialogue, there are only monologues — interior ones, I suppose, since this is not the kind of play in which the audience should be addressed directly. Characters talking about themselves must be believed; the challenge for the actor to prove that he actually is such-and-such and not only says so, may even be greater than in a conventional drama.

In addition, the self-revelation of several characters who share a common situation may be artistically justified if they present different

## Novel shortcomings

perspectives on the situation (to take it to the extreme, a kind of *Rashomon*). This is not the case in *The Israeli Experience*.

The central figure, an American engineer who has spent three years building an airfield in the Negev, and in the process has lost his wife to a sabra hippy and then to an Italian (is this meant to be symbolic?), is played well, though stereotypically, by Eli Gorenstein.

The rest are Israelis of various kinds, their stories connected in one way or another. Among others, there are a father and a son — wouldn't you have guessed? — with a very pronounced generation gap between them (Hani Toren, Dan Toren). Arnon Zadok, the big, strong sabra, is forceful as usual; feeble-minded as a result of a war wound, he expresses the now habitual presentation of war as humanly destructive. Taken as a whole, this is another mirror held up to reality; and the more realistic and undistorting a mirror is, the less it shows the depth, the essential behind the real.

One thing about Israeli actors acting Israeli persons: they are very good at it. In the theatre, this means that the audience can experience

## THEATRE Uri Rapp

the joys of recognition (as Aristotle said long ago). But in terms of Theatre Art (dare I use capital letters?) this is a doubtful compliment.

AND THUS we come to *The Iyar Connection*, which has been showing for many months and is still going strong. A skilled and gifted theatrical team has come together in this play and has produced a theatrically strong and humanly weak show. Yonatan Gefen as author, Itzik Weingarten and Dany Litani as music arrangers, and several others, have given us a play which, in spite of its formal fragmentation, is of one piece.

The idea itself is cleverly contrived. The president of the state of Israel invites all children born on May 14, 1948 (5th of Iyar) to an Independence Day party. No one comes; all those who appear on the stage act as if they are replying to the president and explaining why they can't or won't come. Thus their

direct address to the audience, presenting themselves as in the other play reviewed above, acquires verisimilitude.

Every one of these 35-year-olds, the great white hopes of the state, the "first generation of redemption," presents a bungled life. Some have left the country, some have gone out of their minds, some have died in wars.

The daughter of the army general and cabinet minister (called Gordon after A.D. Gordon, but now only Donna) is a prostitute in Amsterdam, after years of "giving of herself"; the fighter and descendant of Holocaust survivors is a heroin pusher currently in jail in Germany ("taking revenge on the Germans"); the one reasonably happy person lives a "fairly" life in Paris but proves his virility and "normality" from time to time in wars. The one Arab is a terrorist and in captivity.

They all act competently, and are sometimes emotionally gripping. The actress to watch is Ofra Weingarten, whom I have had occasion to criticize in the past. Her portrayal of a variety of different women is as versatile as can be asked of an actress.

The production makes a strong impact, and may move the viewer to tears. The hatred of war, of beautiful phrases, of fake idealism, comes through loud and clear. It is thus quite an emotional experience — but what, in effect, does it say? A play does not have to have a message, unless it pretends to have one.

Also, I shall not raise the hoary argument that these characters are not representative of the younger generation. Anyway, they aren't. But if this is how the younger (now closer to middle-aged) generation sees its "human condition," it is a sorry state. Everything seems to have gone wrong with it, but it accepts no responsibility for any of it. The parents are to blame, always, and for everything. Their idealism, their sacrifices, their pioneering, their constructive achievement, all count for nothing; the children come whining, griping, sullen, and point an accusing finger.

There is in Israel a kind of national sport, mainly indulged in on Friday evenings over drinks and snacks, called, as a verb, *lekater*, and as a noun, *katur*. This is derived from the Yiddish *kuter*, a male cat, and designates howling and wailing, griping and complaining about everything, to no purpose. *The Iyar Connection* is a successful transposition of *kuter* into theatrical language.

WHEN I was very young, I wept copious tears when I saw the film of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There was poor Topsy saying that she just growed, and sweet little Eva dying, and Simon Legree whipping poor ole Uncle Tom. But the most moving scene of all was the one that portrayed the escape of the runaway slave, Eliza: with her babe clutched in her arms, she crossed the river to freedom by leaping from ice-floe to floe, with the villainous slavers and their dogs snapping at her heels.

I was naturally reminded of this scene when Mabat described the closing of the Egyptian frontier to would-be runaway doctors, trying to evade the myrmidons of Finance Minister Yoram Aridor and Health Minister Eliezer Shostak, out to deliver call-up notices. What a tragic film *Dr. Yitzhak's Cabin* would make!

Of course, it might be rather difficult to provide ice-floes on the border of the Sinai Desert, but we could read the hearts of viewers with pity as we showed Dr. Yitzhak and his loved ones covering under a scraggly palm tree. Brutal Israeli tanks search everywhere for them; overhead, planes and helicopters are out in force.

A ferocious helicopter pilot sees something move down below in the sun-baked sands; he sweeps down like an eagle on a desert mouse. Our hearts sink — he must have seen the runaways under their palm. But it is only a startled jackal: the pilot curses like Simon Legree, and flies on.

Night falls at last. The wretched refugees inch their way closer to the frontier. Huge searchlights flash across the sands, but Dr. Yitzhak has been on hundreds of missions with the paratroopers, and he knows just how to penetrate enemy lines.

Ah, but then his foes were only Arabs, now he has to overcome the might and brains of the Israel Defense Forces, something that nobody has ever been able to do. Will our refugees make it? Can Dr. Yitzhak cross the frontier? Will Andor nail him with a notice to a shield of David? Watch this column for the next episode of our cliffhanger.

INCIDENTALLY, the precedent established by the government this week — of closing the gates of Israel to Jews, from the inside — is another of those historical paradoxes that make life in this country so strange. Remember when we were banging on the gates from the outside, demanding that the British open them to Jews? If the principle of closing them from within is extended to its logical conclusion, it should solve another problem, apart from that of doctors trying to escape — *verida*. Of course, another paradox would then manifest itself: there would be huge protest marches in Moscow, with Communist Party Chief Yuri Andropov sending a message to Jerusalem, "Let Thy People Go!"

Up to the point where the government was playing catch-as-catch-can with the doctors, our sympathies were entirely with the martyred medics. But the doctors' public relations advisers made an appalling error when they allowed us to see all those shots on *Mabat* of their clients living it up in luxury hotels in Tiberias, and meeting in pleasure craft on the blue waters of the Kinneret, while their trade union bosses flitted around in private helicopters, as if they were big executives or cabinet ministers. These views of jet-setting physicians con-

## Dr. Yitzhak's cabin

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

trasted starkly with grim films of suffering patients in under-manned hospitals.

The stereotype of strikers to which we are accustomed shows them tightening their belts, while their womenfolk are anxiously counting the last crusts of bread and the organizers estimate grimly how long the shrinking strike fund will last. At various times during the doctors' strike we have been shown doctors pay slips with ludicrously low sums on them, which their spokesmen set against the long hours they work and the responsibilities they bear.

This was good public relations, but the effect was completely marred by the Tiberias jaunts. I would have expected them to spend their enforced days off work meditating in the cave of Elijah, or contemplating the wilderness of Zin, of doing anything other than have a whole of a time while their patients suffered. Uncle Tom and Eliza never took refuge in the Plaza.

DOCTORS are normally very dedicated and patriotic citizens: in war and peace, they devote themselves to the service of the nation and the relief of suffering. It is quite a feat on the part of the government to have turned such people into bitter, anti-social delinquents prepared to defy law and order.

The very expression "doctors' strike" standing by itself has a weird and paradoxical sound: one expects it to be followed by the words "...on a new cure for cancer," or something like that. All the doctors I know are very uneasy about going out on strike as if they were underpaid factory hands and not healers of the sick.

We saw one example of a doctor who refused to join his colleagues on the "harricades, or even in the luxury hotel — on Ram Ebron's programme, *This is the Time*, Prof. Ezra Sohar of Tel Hashomer Hospital, said firmly and bluntly that he could not imagine any circumstances whatsoever that would justify doctors going on strike and neglecting their patients.

Professor Sohar, of course, is the man who wants to abolish income tax. If he was obviously right about the need for that reform, he may well be right about cutting off MKs from medical attention. One of Israel's finest men, Professor Andre de Vries, appearing on *Mabat*, also questioned the strike weapon as a means doctors can use, however correct their cause.

Certainly there is nothing in the Hippocratic Oath about rates of basic pay, remuneration for overtime, and fringe benefits. The oath stresses gratitude to one's teacher and dedication to a regimen calculated to be for the benefit of patients and not for their harm. The magnificent Oath of the Hebrew Physician, drawn up by the late Prof. Lipman Halperin, is also silent about recompense and trade union activity — it charges physicians to be custodians at the side of the sick, day and night, at all times of need, and to watch verily over the life of man even from his mother's womb and to make his welfare always their chief concern.

ALL THE Israeli doctors I know,

without exception, serve their patients in this spirit. They neglect their homes and families, work endless hours, are always on call, do not even have time for tennis. Yet they find themselves, bewildered, on strike.

Our ideas of how a doctor should behave are derived from films about Dr. Kildare and Dr. Welby and Trapper John, and all the doctors of film and fiction that went before them. These paragons never talked about getting filthy lucre for their services. On the other hand, the glimpses we got of their private lives indicated that they were by no means poor. I understand that it is common for a doctor in the U.S. to earn \$100,000 a year or more.

Nobody suggests that doctors here should be paid on the same scale, but I think that one of the worst of Aridor's many offences is his determination to bring doctors down to the level of run-of-the-mill civil servants with no particular training or expertise or tradition. Medicine is a science, an art, a mystery, almost a religion; doctors should not be treated as clock-watchers or wage slaves. The doctors erred in the past by falling for the trick of accepting fringe benefits instead of insisting on higher basic pay, but Aridor is demanding too high a price for this mistake; he is undermining not only their earnings but also their self-respect.

THE RETURN of *Fame* to enliven our Monday nights naturally delighted me. But I have some misgivings: the opening episode of the new series was not up to the standard of the first series. First of all, where was Leroy? I hope he has not disappeared completely.

Then the story line was rather silly. I could not understand why Bruno's wise old teacher was so determined that he should not try out for Juilliard, nor could I believe for a second that Bruno's father would dare to challenge so wonderful a teacher.

In the final scene, the superb Debbie Allen dances on the grand piano. In my home, we only had an upright, but my father also had a razor strap, and if I had dared to initiate Miss Allen by prancing on top of the piano I would have felt the full force of the strap. Admittedly, the grand piano in *Fame* was only school property, but I found it hard to accept that anybody, however magnificent her figure, her looks, her legs and her dancing, could get away with cavorting like a jabbawock on the lid of it.

EVERYONE WHO WATCHED two hours of King Hussein's royal antics when they wanted to see Juventus vs. Hamburg on Wednesday night is blaming me today. But how was I to know that instead of the European Cup final, Jordan TV would prefer a royal flush of award ceremonies, and airport dedications to a battle royal between Europe's two best (except for Liverpool and Manchester United, of course) football clubs?

I must voice a protest to the Hashemite monarch. That is no way to treat an enemy. If we cannot trust Jordan to give us sports events, how can we ever rely on a peace treaty we might sign one day — *Insh'allah* — with them?

## This Week in Israel The Leading Tourist Guide This Week in Israel The Leading

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MAY 27 - JUNE 3

Fri. at 2:30 pm: *La Chèvre* P. Veber  
Sat. at 7:30 pm: *My Bodyguard*  
9:30 pm: *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*  
Sun. at 7 pm: *Now After All These Years*  
9:30 pm: *Un Etrange Voyage*  
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Getaway*  
7:30 pm: In the small hall  
*Image Before My Eyes*  
9:30 pm: *Deraiz Uzal* Kurosawa  
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Little Prince*  
7 pm: *Viens Chez Moi* Lescotte  
9:30 pm: *Rebecca* Hitchcock  
Wed. at 7 pm: *Une Histoire Simple*  
9:30 pm: *The Round-Up*  
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Going Home* Melas  
9:30 pm: *Hallelujah the Hills*  
midnight: *Jo the Buzzer*  
Fri. at 2:30 pm: *Kagemusha*

Screenings at the new Cinematheque, Hebron Road, Tel. (02) 712192.  
Library hours: Sun., Tues., Thurs. 9 am - 3 pm; Mon., Wed. 9 am - 9 pm; Fri. 9 am - noon.

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FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

## This Week in Israel The Leading JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

**EXHIBITIONS**  
Permanent Collections of Judaica, Art and Archaeology  
Basel 1908-1928 - works produced at Basel, the first school in Eretz Israel for arts and crafts  
Letterheads by Pentagram - over 100 examples of personal and corporate letterheads by a leading British design group, 1966-1982  
Looking at Pictures - a didactic exhibition dealing with the components of two-dimensional art and the ways they affect the viewer. By courtesy of Marianna and Walter Griesmann, London, and Dubek Ltd.  
62 Months to Job One or How They Designed the Ford "Sierra"  
James Turrell: Two Spaces  
Permanent Exhibition in the Prehistoric Gallery - Renewal  
Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vividly - 18th Century Venetian Operatic Caricatures  
Oil Lamps Section  
New Display in the Section for Classical Archaeology  
Kadesh Barnea - at the Rockefeller Museum

**SPECIAL EXHIBITS**  
Johannes Brahms in Photographs  
Capernum Hoard  
A New Mosaic in the Norman P. Schenker Archaeology Garden

**EVENTS**  
**GALLERY TALK**  
Saturday, May 28 at 11:00  
FINDS FROM SYNAGOGUES, CHURCHES & MOSQUES  
Shulamit Eisenstadt (at the Rockefeller Museum)

**CONCERT**  
Saturday, May 28 at 20:30  
In conjunction with the exhibition "Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vividly" - 18th century Venetian Operatic Caricatures:  
ITALIAN VOCAL MUSIC  
by members of Israel Sinfonietta. Musical director: Mendi Rodan

**CHILDREN'S FILM**  
Sunday, May 29 & Monday, May 30 at 16:30  
"PETER PAN"  
A Walt Disney Production

**GALLERY TALK**  
Saturday, May 31 at 17:00  
MOSAICS IN THE ISRAEL MUSEUM  
Lecturer: Uri Avidish, Curator

**CHILDREN'S CONCERT**  
Tuesday, May 31 at 16:15  
ARIE VARDI, PIANO  
Arie Vardi is known as an exponent and presenter of classical music programs. Program: dance pieces and works by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin and others.

**FILM**  
Tuesday, May 31 at 18:00 & 20:30  
"THE STING" (USA 1973)  
Dir.: George Roy Hill; with Paul Newman and Robert Redford.

**CHILDREN'S FILM**  
Wednesday, June 1 & Thursday, June 2 at 16:30  
"THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY"  
Disney Production Masterpiece. Two dogs and a cat on an adventurous journey home. Hebrew narration: Uri Zohar.

**GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH**  
Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11:00; Tues. at 16:30  
Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11:00  
Please note our new phone number starting May 15 - (02) 698211.

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**VISITING HOURS:**  
ISRAEL MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 16-22;  
Fri. & Sat. 10-14  
SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 10-22;  
Fri. & Sat. 10-14  
BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun.-Thurs. 10-sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10-14  
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.-Thurs. 10-17; Fri. & Sat. 10-14  
LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 16-20  
GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-13; Tues. 16-20  
TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Kle'im.

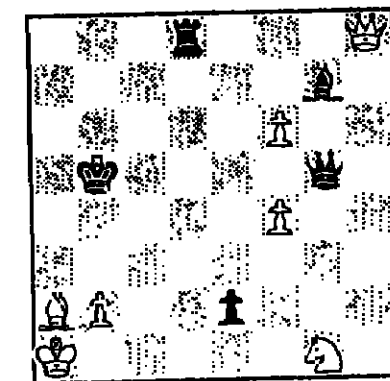






# CHESSE Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3122  
YEHUDA HOCH, Petah Tikva  
Version, The Problemist, 1977



White to play and draw (7-5)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3120  
(Barilovic). 1.d3? Kxf6; 1.d4? Kxf6;  
1.d4? Kxf6; 1.d4?

ISRAELI SECOND IN  
COMPOSING CHAMPIONSHIP

ISRAELI composers of problems and endgames emerged as the runners-up in the second World Championship Composing Tournament, the results of which were recently announced by the West German organizers. A record number of 29 countries took part in the event (which covers the period 1980-1983), with the Soviet Union taking first place, Israel second and the U.S. third.

Israel won first place in three sections: Gad Costello of Tel Aviv won first place in the endgames section; a problem by Uri Avner of Ramat Gan won first place in the selfmates section; and a joint problem by Gideon Huserl, Mordechai Shorek and Uri Avner won first place in the helpmates section.

Four such world contests have been held so far. In the first event, Israel placed eighth in a field of 30 countries. In the second, it climbed to fifth place in a field of 27 countries. In the first official world championship, Israel was 12th in a field of 27 countries, and now came the big step forward to second place.

In August, Israel will play host to the congress of the FIDE Permanent Commission for Composition and the seventh World Championship Solving Championship.

## IMPRESSIVE SHOW

VICTOR KORCHNOI, who was guest of honour at the recent Netanya Festival, gave several simultaneous performances during his stay. In Ramat Hasharon, he took on 26 opponents, winning 23 games, losing one and drawing two. In Holon, against a record number of 40 participants, Korchnoi won 33, lost two and drew five. In the Jerusalem performance, Korchnoi scored a clean-cut victory, winning all the 22 games.

## USSR CHAMPIONSHIP

WORLD CHAMPION Anatoly Karpov won the USSR championship with a 9-1-5 score; Vladimir Tukmakov was the runner-up with 9 points, and Lev Polugaevsky third with 8½ points.

The USSR championship of young masters was won by V. Gavrikov with a 10-1-5 score. There was a four-way tie for second place between A. Haritonov, G. Zaichik, V. Salov and L. Novikov. Here is a fine game from the event with a startling queen sacrifice.

A. HARITONOV S. LPUTJAN  
1.e4 Nf6 2.Nc3 d6 3.g3 g6 4.Bg2 Bg7 5.d4 0-0 6.Nf3 e6 7.0-0 Qa5 8.h3

e5 9.de de 10.e4 Nbd7 11.a3 Qc5 12.Qe2 Qe7 13.b4 Ne8 14.Be3 Nc7 15.Rd1 Ne6 16.c5 b6 17.Rd6 bc 18.Rc6 cb 19.Nd5 Qe8 20.ab Nf6 21.Rfcl Bd7 22.Nc7! Nc7 23.Rc7 Ne4 24.Ba7 f5 25.Nd2! Bb6 26.Be3 Bb5 27.Bh6! Be2 28.Ne4! Qd8 29.Ng5 e4 30.Rg7 Kh8 31.Rh7 Kg8 32.Rc-c7. Black resigns.

An interesting endgame arose in the final-round Mayorov-Gavrikov game. White (Mayorov) — Kg1; Rcl, Rf1; Be4; Nd5; Pf2, g3, h2. (8). Black (Gavrikov) — Kh8; Ra2, Rf8; Bc8, Bg7; Pg6, h7.(7).

White is a pawn up, but the game should have ended in a draw. Trying to win at all costs, White suffers an unexpected defeat.

27. — Bd4 28.Nf4 Ba6 29. Bd5 Rd2 30.Bc4 Bc8 31.h4 Bg4 32.Rccl? (32.Kg2!) Rc8 33.Be6 Rc3! 34.Kg2? (34.Bg4 Rg3 35.Ng2 Bg4, with drawing chances) 34. — Rg3 35.Kh3 Rf2 36.Rf2 Bf2 37.Rf1? Bg3 38.Kg3 Be2 39.Kf2 Bf1 40.Nd5 Rcl. White resigns.

## YOUNG CHAMPION

NORWAY'S Simen Agdestein had the best result on board IV in the Lucerne Olympiad. This was not the only success of the young Norwegian in the past year. In the

Norwegian national championship, Agdestein tied for first with Bern Tiller and then won the title by beating Tiller in the play-off match.

## S. AGDESTEIN B. TILLER

1.d4 e6 2.c4 Nf6 3.Nf3 Bb4 4.Bd2 Qe7 5.g3 Nc6 6.Bg2 Bd2 7.Nbd2 a5 8.0-0 d6 9.e4 e5 10.d5 Nb8 11.b3 Bg4 12.a3 0-0 13.b4 Na6 14.Qb3 Bf3 15.Bf3 ab 16.ab c5 17.de bc 18.Rfbl Rf8 19.Be2 c5 20.b5 Nb4 21.Qb2 Qh7 22.f3 Nd7 23.Bf1 Nf8 24.Bh3 h5 25.Nf1 Nh7 26.Qd2 Qe7 27.Ne3 Qg5 28.Kf2 g6 29.Bd7! Qe7 30.Bc6 Ral 31.Ral Nf6 32.Nd5 Nd5 33.Bd5 Kg7 34.h4 f6 35.Kg2 g5 36.Rhl Kg6 37.Qd1 Nd5 38.Qd5 Qa7 39.hg Qa2 40.Kh3 Kg5 41.Qd6 Rg8 42.f4 Kg6 43.fe Qe2 44.Qf6 Kh7 45.Qf5 Kh8 46.Ral Qg4 47.Qg4 Rg4 48.b6. Black resigns.

## ART OF ATTACK

White — Kcl; Qc4; Rd1, Rhl; Bd2, Be2; Nc3; Pa2, b2, c2, d5, g4, h4. (13) Black — Kh7; Qd8, Ra8, Rf8; Bg7; Nc5; Pa5, b6, c7, d6, go. (12). Black to play.

1. — b5! 2.Nb5 Bb5 3.Qb5 Rb8 4.Qc4 Bb2 5.Kbl Ne4! 6.Qe4 Bc3 7.Kcl Rbl! 8.Kbl Qb8 9.Kcl Qb2x (Barhakadze-Eomuls, USSR, 1982).

A SKILLED declarer can sometimes make a loser vanish into thin air. That was the case in today's first deal, after North-South rocketed into a very shaky game contract.

North  
♠ KQ75  
♥ K75  
♦ A93  
♣ K83

West  
♠ AJ  
♥ 942  
♦ KJ8742  
♣ K2

East  
♠ 9  
♥ J 1063  
♦ Q  
♣ AJ 109754

South  
♠ 1086432  
♥ AQ8  
♦ 1065  
♣ 6

The bidding:

West (D) North East South  
1♣ Dbl. 2♠ 2♠  
Pass 4♠ All pass

NORTH'S LEAP to four spades was a real shot in the dark. His hand valued at only 15 high-card points, even counting the badly placed club queen. Perhaps he was just a confident sort, or perhaps he knew his partner was capable of the kind of prestidigitation he ended up performing.

But North may not be entirely to blame. South also took a very aggressive action, when he "freely" bid two spades after West opened with one diamond. North made a take-out double, and East chimed in with two clubs. Sure, he had a six-card spade suit, but it was headed by the ten, and he had only six high-card points.

The opening lead was the club king, and East signalled with the nine. West now played the four of clubs, and South paused to con-

# The case of the disappearing diamond



BRIDGE/Hanan Sher

sider. He had four losers — one spade, two diamonds and a club. Could West possibly have been

dealt the ace-king of clubs, in which case there was a place to discard a diamond? The answer was clearly in

the negative, but South saw one advantage in rising with the queen anyway. That would force East's ace, and deny him the opportunity of making a suit-preference signal with one of his many clubs. So he played dummy's queen, and ruffed East's ace.

Now came a spade towards the king-queen, and West took his ace. Afraid to play a diamond away from his king-jack tenace, or to "solve" any problem South might have in hearts, he made the "safe" exit of the spade jack.

Winning the king (on which East discarded a club), South ruffed a club, cashed the ace, king and queen of hearts and led a small diamond towards dummy. West inserted the eight and the diamond nine was played from dummy. Now East, in with his singleton queen, was end-played. A heart or a club return would allow declarer to ruff in one hand while discarding a loser from the other, and limiting his losers to one club, one spade and one diamond. And that gave him the contract.

IN THE POSTMORTEM, West was furious. "When he played the second spade, why didn't you get rid of the diamond queen?" he almost shouted at his partner. "Then you would have gotten off the endplay." "It's not my fault at all," replied East. "You made the mistake. Why didn't you play a diamond when you won the ace of spades?"

South, already the clear winner by virtue of his play of the hand, was also the victor in the post-mortem. "Once I ruff the second club, it is all over but the shouting — so long as West has the spade ace. West can win his trump ace at

the first trick or the second, East can discard the diamond queen, a heart or a club. I'll always make the contract, so long as East has a singleton diamond honour."

South went on to explain that he had a pretty good count on the hand before he made the crucial diamond play. He knew that East had been dealt one spade, seven clubs and at least three hearts; he therefore had one or two diamonds, which must include an honour. If not, why didn't West play the diamond king (from king-queen-jack) when he was in with the spade ace?

"And if West leads a diamond at trick Four, I play the ace, draw the last trump play off three hearts, ending in dummy. Now I lead a small club from dummy, discarding a diamond and letting East win the trick. He's got to give me a ruff and a stuff, and I'll always make four."

"But what if West returns a spade, and East discards the diamond queen on the spade king?" asked North, who had been silent up to that moment. "Then you surely cannot find the end play."

"Wrong again," said South. "That gives me two sure ways to get home. I can still end-play East in clubs and hearts, or I can clear those two suits and lead a small diamond from my hand. West must put up the jack or let my nine win, and I can now duck to end-play him."

"And there's still another way to play the hand, if East hangs on to the queen of diamonds. I can strip the clubs and hearts and lead a diamond to dummy. West can execute a 'crocodile coup' by rising with the king, in order to 'swallow his partner's queen' and keep partner from being end-played. But in doing so, he end-plays himself."

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**Events**  
1. "In the Nation's Service Behind Enemy Lines. The Jewish Paratroopers during the Second World War". An evening of interviews. Moderator: Yaron London.  
Sunday, May 20, 1983 at 8.30 pm.  
2. "The Social Concepts of Zionism in Germany 1883-1914", seventh lecture in the series "Chapters in German Jewish History" (in cooperation with the Chaim Rosenberg School of Jewish Studies, Tel Aviv University). Lecturer: Dr. Yehoyakim Doron. Moderator: Moshe Halavi.  
Monday, May 30, 1983 at 6.00 pm.  
3. "Armed revolt and the saving of human lives, do they contradict or strengthen each other? A study evening on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising."  
Tuesday, May 31, 1983 at 8.30 pm.  
4. Screening of the film "Now After All These Years" (in cooperation with the Goethe Institute). The film portrays the life of Jews and Germans in the Ghetto Institute). The film is in German with English subtitles. Introduction: Dr. Mihal Friedman. Question and answer session with audience participation after screening.  
Wednesday, June 1, 1983 at 8.30 pm.

**Jewish Cinematheque**  
Screening of the film "Charlotte": Sunday, May 29 at 1 & 5 pm; Monday, May 30 at 1 & 8.30 pm. The film is in German with English subtitles.  
Admission fees: IS80 - members of Friends Association; IS 100 - non members  
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1. Jews in New York - Selection of photographs from the Beth Hatefutsoth exhibition "Behind the Golden Door" - Beit Zionel America.  
2. The Jews of San Francisco - Public Library, San Francisco.  
3. Jewish Sites in Lebanon - Hazer Hagilit (until May 30);  
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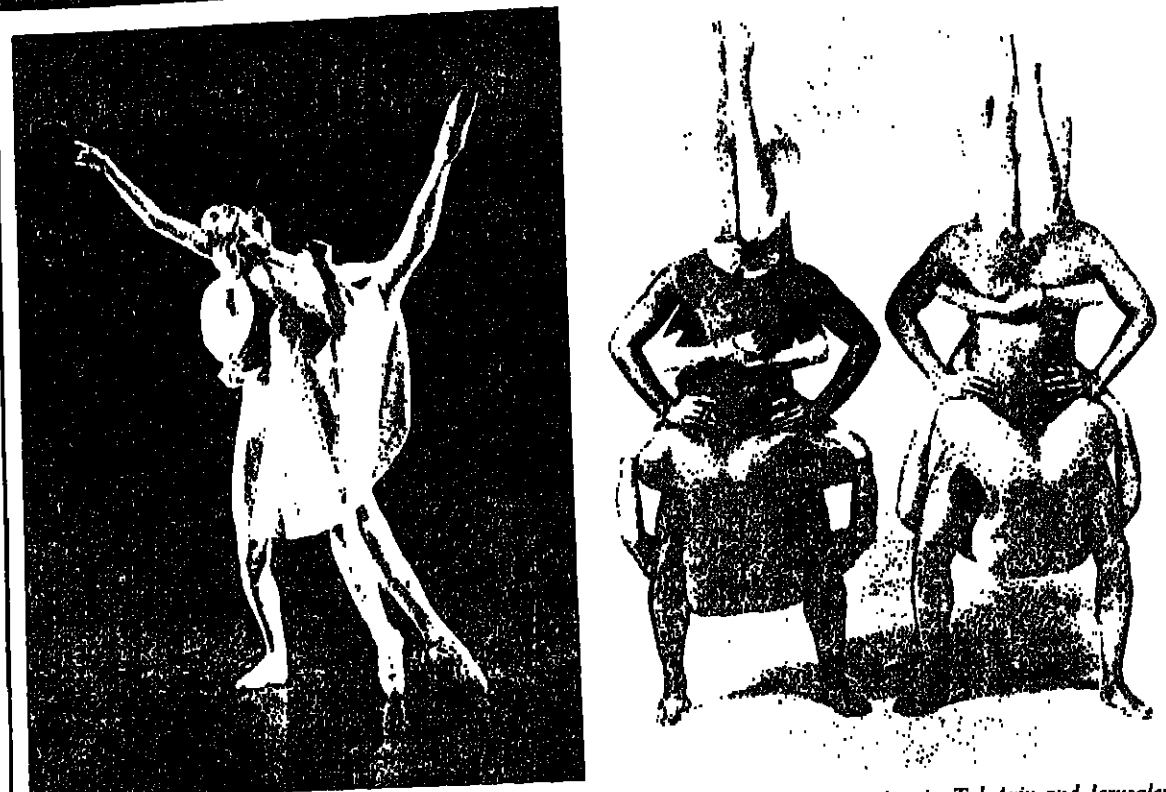
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(Left) Yampolsky's "Mendelssohn Concerto." (Right) Pilobolus Dance Theatre appearing in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

## Airy choreography

BERTA YAMPOLSKY has for some time shown that she is a choreographer to be reckoned with. After rather congested works, she has emerged as a creator of dance dynamics that control space and action, in story ballets like *Carmen*, abstract ballets like *Drorak Variations*, and expressionist pieces like the untitled work dedicated to Raoul Wallenberg. Now she has added her *Mendelssohn Concerto*, officially premiered by the Israel Ballet at the Beit Mahayal in Tel Aviv on May 22.

Here she seemed to have gained from her own previous works, keeping the flow continuous without over-crowding, in fact letting "air" into her choreography. The slow movement was particularly appealing in its romanticism, but the work as a whole was truly Mendelssohnian in the fresh brightness of the other movements.

Other works were repeats of the *Pas-de-Quatre* (much improved, but still more an exercise than the display it should be), Heinz Spoerli's sly and lively *Opus 35*, and Balanchine's duet from *Agon*, one of the gifts to the company by the late great ballet creator and therefore in a sense a tribute and a memorial.

NOTHING so warms up an audience as a good Spanish programme, and by the time Dalia Low and her new company ended the first half of their show in the Beit-Dor Theatre on Saturday night, the shouts of "Ole!" the whistling and the slow clapping of total approval, left no doubt about that.

Almost at once, guest dancer Juan Antonio de los Reyes established his skill with whirlwind turns, widespreading legs, and explosive stamping in faruca and flamenco solos of his own choreography. At one point, he travelled forward fast on knee bends and his dramatic use of pause and pose heightened the effect of his *brío* in *sapeado*; his knee action was as swift as his heel tapping.

Low's main asset is her elegance, which she showed in solos choreographed by Martin Vargas; however, her footwork here was too deliberate.

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## DANCE Dora Sowden

She came into her own in the enchanting solo created by Victoria Eugenia (music: Luna), where her movement was easy-flowing, her footwork graceful and her gown gorgeous. Indeed, her dresses throughout were as dazzling as her personal beauty. She was at her best in the abundant charm of the new flamenco-type solo choreographed for her by Ciro, with its stylish humour.

Guest singers were Miguel Funi and Manuel de Pavia, said to be cousins but bearing no family resemblance except in their gipsy-style singing, their initial diffidence of manner and their easing up (after taking off their formal jackets). They were not convincing as dancers in the few moves they made. David Serva, also a guest from Spain, was an excellent guitarist as an accompanist, or rather a major partner to the dancers and the singers. Dani Akiva's classical guitar playing was an added pleasure.

THE Jerusalem Dance Workshop made dance history of sorts at the Gerard Behar Centre (Beit Ha'am) on May 19. For the first time the company appeared on a proper stage - something its serious efforts have long deserved.

Not everything was perfect. There could have been a less latty backdrop, and, for that matter, a better piano to accompany the two Madrigal Singers (best heard together). But the company did show enterprise in choreography and dedication in performance.

Two works by guest choreographers had already been premiered in the Shaliti Community Centre, and, strange to say, had looked better there. Jayne Lee's *Bathers* - *Dinard 1920* (music: Debussy) - inspired by Picasso's picture - caught the clarity of line, but the dancing wasn't always smoothly paced. In Helga Langer's *Duel* (music: Billy Holliday), the loosely costumed dancers (Aya Rimon and Michal

Israeli) portrayed decadent, dowdy (perhaps even drugged) women with notably incisive movement but little subtlety.

Choreographically most interesting was the solo from Flora Cushman's *Snow in Summer* (music: John Cage), danced by Evi Lifschitz.

The two new works were by company members. Evi Lifschitz's *Thin Spider's Threads* (music: collage and cacophony) had a fascinating "prop," something that fired the imagination whenever the dancers hung or clung, climbed or hurdled: a kind of irregular wall made up of horizontal wooden pieces. If energy is a sign of inventiveness, this work had it, but it deteriorated into mere grotesquerie. As there was only one male dancer (Nir Ben Gal), more instinctive use could have been made of him instead of letting him indulge in the same irritating giggles as the four women.

The surprise was Dafna Einbinder's *No Air* (music: Klaus Schultz), which had more discipline and drive than when performed in the Gertrud Kraus competition, where it won third prize.



Marianne Faithfull: Years of alienation and drugs evident in her newly developed style for "A Child's Adventure."

## Quiet desperation

ALCOHOLISM, suicide, despair, and alienation, and the oblivion they bring, are the subjects of Marianne Faithfull's new album, *A Child's Adventure* (General Music Company). The lines "Take a walk around Times Square, With a pistol in my suitcase/And my eyes on the TV," from the album's opening song, "Times Square," set the tone for this album, a cynical step further from Faithfull's previous one, *Dangerous Acquaintances* (not released locally).

If *Broken English* (1979), her first smash-hit album after years of dealing with her drug problem, unleashed pent-up anger and bitterness, and *Dangerous Acquaintances* (1981) struck out towards independence, her last album is the ultimate resignation to fate.

The songs are mostly quiet, low-key and quite remote from the strong rock tendency of the previous albums. The strength here is in the quiet desperation of the lyrics ("In the end will I smash my brains with drinking/Till I fall down on the floor"), in the soft melodies and in the raw voice.

Marianne ("As Tears Go By") Faithfull has finally found her individual, distinct style and is establishing her own standards of excellence.

BARRY GIBB of the Bee Gees has proved once again that alliance with him is the surest way to success. This time, after Barbra Streisand's hugely popular *Gully*, it's Dionne Warwick's turn to collaborate with Gibb in *Heartbreaker* (General Music Company). Although you can recognize the Gibb touch from the album's first note, the songs and music are miraculously adapted to Warwick's soft, soul-middle-of-the-road style and sound as if they were made for her (which they were). A delightfully pleasant record.

IN A VERY different vein is Cargo, the follow-up album to the smash *Business as Usual* by Men at Work. The Australian team has again produced a no-nonsense

package - that is, no nonsense is allowed to interfere with the fun. The tone is set from the opener, "Dr. Heckyll and Mr. Jive" - good clean lines, sharp little hooks and steady rhythms for pleasant, laid-back listening. The Men make it all seem so simple, but of course that isn't accomplished without a lot of hard work, and that's to their credit. Especially nice is a little clever devil hiding in the middle of Side Two called "Blue for You." Bound to please.

THE ONLY really hard-rockers of the batch comes from Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Long After Dark is not, to my ears, up to the sizzling standard of *Damn the Torpedoes* of a few years back, but Petty and Co. enjoy rock and roll, and that still comes through loud and strong. The boys putz around a bit with a little Reggae flavouring now and then, but the accent stays mainly on down-south guitar licks, and Petty is among the finger-lickin' best. This is the kind of rock that doesn't get worn away by any wave, old or new.

Whatever the thinking, the change is welcome and Let's Dance can pleasure up any party. A close listen to such tunes as "Ricochet" or "Cat People" ("I've been putting out the fire with gasoline") will reveal shreds of the good old-fashioned Bowie nightmare fabric, but that gets submerged in the new mood of good-time foot-stomping. The title track, "Without You" and "Shake It" are where the emphasis lies. In short, Bowie has made an innovation of traditional pop, and that's an accomplishment. What will the boy innovate next?

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## ROCK, ETC. Madeline L. Kind & Michal Yudelman

CBS, which is by far the biggest producer of pop records in the country, has hauled out a number of its biggest guns this month to roll over and occupy the airwaves. And just to add insult to invasion, CBS has even snatched away a commanding figure from one of its rivals to beef up its forces.

The new addition to the CBS label is David Bowie, who surprised everybody this spring by (1) interrupting his acting career to cut a new record, (2) making that record mostly a good-time party platter, and (3) making it so darned well. The thinking must be that since the always-changing Bowie has done Grand Guignol and death and destruction and scary monsters and spiders from Mars, maybe now's the time to have a little fun for a change.

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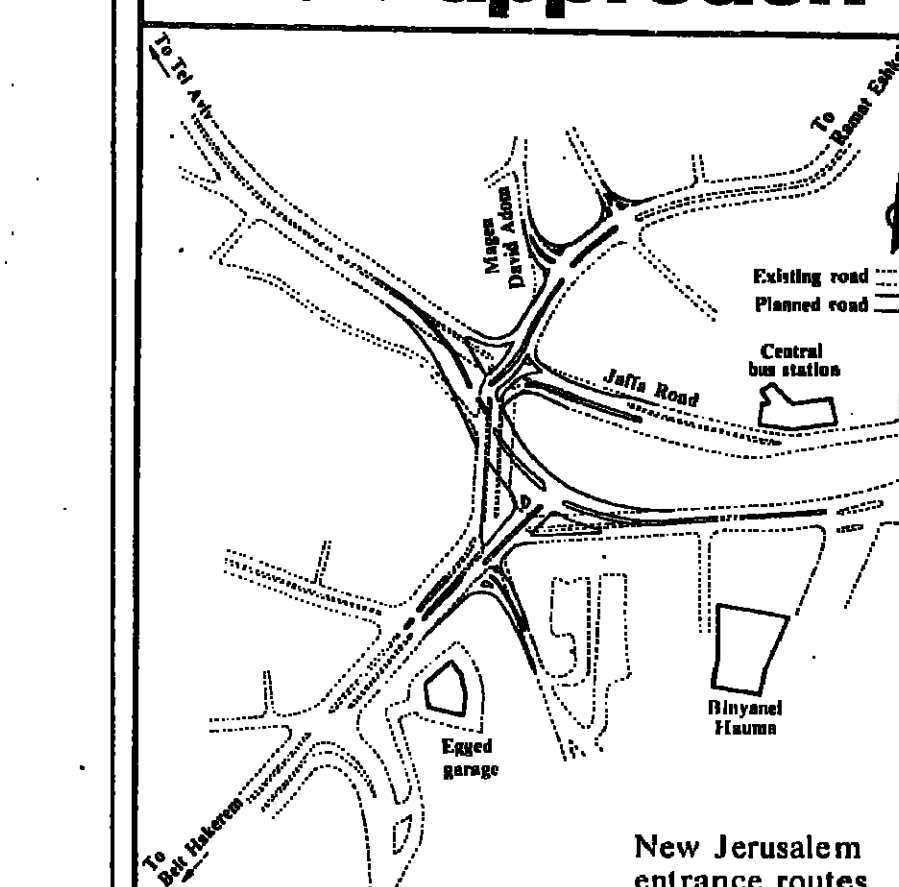
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## The public must be told

Ephraim Kishon

THERE HAS BEEN much talk lately, here and elsewhere in the free world, about just where the blessings of democracy end and the thrill of self-destruction begins. The rules of the game are familiar: no Western government is immune to public criticism, thanks to the independence of the media, guardians of public morality. The public must be told the truth: that's the principle on which true democracy is built.

Or ruined, as the case may be. The free world accepts the notion that where there is plenty of light, there must be a good deal of shadow as well. This is as much as to say that in order to expose a U.S. president caught lying worse than most, you have to put up with pictures of Jacqueline Kennedy caught in the nude; and in order to have democracy in a place like New York, you must give up going out in it after dark.

Maybe it pays in the long run. This writer tends to believe that freedom is worth it at any price. I would opt for an impotent democracy over the best-run tyranny in the world any day. Only let them stop drinking in our ears that the public must know the truth.

It's under this slogan that in England, mighty bastion of democracy, a keen representative of the free press wades through water and climbs over walls to get a snapshot of the pregnant Princess of Wales in a bikini. Why? Because the public must know. Because it isn't enough if the public is told that their future queen is with child; it must see the royal belly for itself.

The same dedicated pursuit of the naked truth on behalf of a public that must know apparently motivated those two TV boys in Alabama who rushed off the moment they heard of an unemployed wretch who meant to set fire to himself. The two pros even lent a helping hand, advising the man on how, and from just what camera angle, to light the match. Why? Because the public must be told.

That is the principle guiding all editors, legmen and anchormen, and there's only one party that's never asked its opinion on the subject, and that is the public itself.

PERHAPS because if they asked, they might not like what they heard. It's a fact, at least, that the picture of Princess Diana was met with a great public outcry, and that those two Alabama firewatchers were forced to go into hiding for fear of the public's wrath.

As for such a less advanced country as our own, which for want of princesses or unemployed has other things on its mind, a recent p.o. poll found that some two-thirds of Israeli adults consider our media to be harmful to the national interest and injurious to public morale.

Thus spoke the public which must know the truth — and was promptly told by the purveyors of that truth that it ought to be ashamed of itself, how dumb could it get, it was undermining Israeli democracy, *gevalt*.

One may of course ask since when democracy, i.e., government by the people, can be undermined by a majority of the people voicing its opinion. But then, that is one of the nice things about democracy — that it's sort of a flexible, multi-purpose concept, to be used any way you want like a tissue.

When, for instance, two Supreme Court justices decide against the

minority opinion of a third that our TV must be allowed to screen interviews with PLO leaders, that — a majority ruling of two to one — is democracy at its best. But when two-thirds of the public say they're not crazy to see Arafat's noble visage on the tube night after night — then that is undemocratic and a threat to all the five freedoms.

It's an admirable approach, and very progressive at that. For it is they, the progressives among us, who fight against racial prejudice and discrimination, who stand up for the rights of our brethren from the Oriental communities — till it turns out our brethren are for Begin-Begin, the primitive rabble.

And how convincing it sounds when you say, "Well, maybe that famous TV piece about our embittered soldiers in Lebanon was rather painful, maybe it even did harm in a way, but you can't deny it reflected the popular view in this country." All very well, but if the popular view gets up and declares that it doesn't wish to be reflected, what then? The public be damned?

Actually the progressives are right, though. Public opinion has no opinion. Public opinion doesn't evolve spontaneously but is produced in factories. In the East those factories are state-owned; in the West they're in private hands — and in precisely those which pretend to only reflect popular opinion: the all-powerful media, the mighty public-opinion moulders and the greatest hypnotists of all time.

IT'S NOT ONLY British royalty they hound, it's every available public figure — politicians, artists, sportsmen, and just plain suckers the media have it in for.

One even gets the feeling sometimes that press and TV are out to prevent the creation of stable governments in the free West. Every public servant, from the U.S. president down to the last of our mins., gets out of bed every morning in the stance of a frightened boxer, wondering where the next blow will come from. For the media are no respecters of persons, and no one is safe from them — not the queen of England and not our own first lady, not the chief of staff nor a soldier's mother weeping by his grave.

The free media vie with each other for the latest scandal and the most shameless probe into private affairs. Two Nancy Reagans in her slip are worth three Thatchers in mid-sneeze on the picture bourse, and two scratching Aroids one Sharon in a sweat. Most of the world's newspapers compete against each other, catch as catch can, and television competes against the papers. Not, heaven forbid, for the sake of circulation figures and audience statistics, but for the public and its right to know.

No wonder that the free world's leaders, who beside their personal careers are also supposed to work for the welfare of their people, spend half their time worrying about how to avoid letting slip any leak-worthy fact; how to prevent getting photographed while chewing, yawning, talking to women in bathing suits; how never to stumble on a staircase, never to cough, and above all never to annoy the moulders of public opinion.

It's a lost battle, though. Every American president is demolished by the media in his first year, and every Israeli leader at the first chance. There's no fighting it. A couple of reporters decided 20 years ago that Shimon Peres was a nothing, and now there's nothing he can do about it. His talent, his strength of purpose, his contribution to this country's defence — nothing will avail him. What do they want from Peres? Nobody knows. He's just a good butt, that's all — nearly as good as that Begin, the fascist.

Whenever I read in the papers these days what a terrible state we are in, how weak and vulnerable we are economically, socially and politically, or whenever I watch our lost Lebanon war on TV, my mind goes back to World War II and I ask myself: why didn't the British media announce after the fall of France that Enland was defenceless and the Germans could land on its beaches and conquer it in a week? For that was the truth, and the public had to be told. I don't know, just as I don't know why we have to keep signalling to the Lebanese, the Russians and the Americans that never mind our peace terms, we'll have to get out of Lebanon in any case under the pressure of public opinion.

It's as pertinent to ask why, at the height of a war, they don't show blinded and crippled soldiers on TV. Are there no wounded soldiers? Mustn't the public know? It's like another thing I always wonder about: why don't they ever show in-flight movies of a fatal airplane crash? Are there no fatal airplane crashes? Then why conceal the truth from passengers in flight?

"THE PUBLIC must know the truth. That's where our strength lies — in exposing the truth."

Oh yeah? The British won the Falklands war because they managed to keep their media from telling the truth until the last moment, that's to say, until they'd won it. The Vietnam war, on the other hand, was shown on American TV in full colour and with no detail spared. The American public hasn't recovered from it to this day.

The public has no quarrel with the newspapers. It has a quarrel with TV that thinks it is a newspaper.

It isn't. Television is the most important educational tool this country has, not an outfit for the grabbing of scoops, leaks and sensations from under the nose of the press.

We have many newspapers but only one television. A newspaper must worry about ads; TV must concern itself with the nation's morale. That's what it gets paid for from the public's pocket. No one wants or expects our independent Broadcasting Authority to obey *diktats* from the powers that be. Still, one can keep a finger on the nation's pulse even without a guiding hand from on high; it's enough to be pro-Israeli.

Newspapers do not have a set of regulations. Television has. It is obliged by law to reflect the opinions of all sectors of the public, not that of its own editors. The latest that of its own editors. The majority polls show clearly what the majority of our public wish to see on their screens. The media must know the truth.

Translated by Miriam Avid.  
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

## WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS165.20 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs IS3070.50 including VAT, per month.

### Jerusalem

**CONDUCTED TOURS:** *Torches and Visitors* come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-12, bus No. 14, 24 or 5, Kiryat Hadasah — Guided tour of all installations (hourly tours at Kiryat Hadasah and Hadassah Mt. Scopus, a information, reservations 02-416333, 02-426271). **Hebrew University:** 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 28. 2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Brodman Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 28 to last stop, Further details: Tel. 02-582819.

**American Mizrahi Women, Free Morning Tours —** 8 Alkali Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-692225. **CONSERVATIVE JUDAISM TOUR, Call 02-667404.** **Tel Aviv:** **CONDUCTED TOURS:** *American Mizrahi Women, Free Morning Tours —* Tel Aviv, Tel. 220187, 24106, 212949; Jerusalem, 226060, Haifa, 89537. **PIONEER WOMEN —** NA'AMAT, Morning Guided Tour of a Youth Aliza Village (tree of charges, information and reservations: Mrs. Dori Goldbaum, Israel Discount Bank, 03-248251). **Haifa:** *What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.*

## ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS165.20 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS486.70 including VAT, per line.

### Jerusalem

**MUSEUMS:** *Israel Museum, Exhibitions:* Ol Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology, 52 Months in Job one; Bezael (19th-1929); Portables: Letterheads by Penitentiary; Primitive Art from Museum collection; How to Look at a Painting; James Turrell (two spaces: Special Exhibits, Byzantine Church museum, 5th cent.; Israel Museum Awards 1983; Tenth Anniversary of Jan Mitchell Gift; Johannes Brahms in Photographs; Cernuschi on board; Seder Masach Turevich; Japanese Miniature Sculpture, Akiuchi Larnet; Judean Kingdom (torres) (Rockefeller Museum); Wonderful world of Paper (Paley Center, next to Rockefeller Museum); Permanent Exhibits: Larnet and Albertum ang Vivatit, 18th cent.

*Venetian Operatic Caricatures, Permanent Pre-History Exhibit, Galerie Vision Nouvelle, Khutot Hayotzer, Y.S. Hamaiche, Original prints by international artists, Tel. 02-819804, 20411.* **Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David —** The Citadel, Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun-Thur. 9:00, 11:00 a.m.; 1:00, 3:00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holiday) in French: 7:30 p.m. German 8:15 p.m. English, 9:00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters." **Yehia Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on** life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free. **The Turcoman Post, Permanent Exhibits on** Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored

*former military outpost, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hall Hadassah St.)* **Old Yishuv Court Museum, The life of the** Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II, 6 Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. **Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at** Hefezal Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. *Thurama Room: History of Jewish People, Special Shavuot Exhibit, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon, Tel. 635212.*

### Tel Aviv

#### MUSEUMS

**Tel Aviv Museum, New Exhibitions:** Expressions, Continuing Exhibitions: A.R. Penck, Expedition to the Holy Land, Helmut Lerski, Photographs 1910-1947, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art: Israel Art New Acquisitions 1982-1983, Gabi Klainer, David Reeb, Landscapes 1983, 11 Sculptures, and Euphych, Israel Lammam, Volting Hairs: Sat. 10:3, 7:00, Sun-Thur. 10:10, 11:00, closed, Hefezal Shalom Pavilion: Sat. 10:2, Sun-Thur. 9-11, 5-9, Fri. closed.

**Enchanting Summer Nights**  
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In Tel Aviv, Main Distributor — Castal, Tel. 447878, 4444725, and other agencies  
Reductions for groups (Jerusalem): Culture Dept., Jerusalem Municipality, 2 Rehov Hayel Adam, Tel. 02-242806; and Klaim, 8 Rehov Sharmel, Tel. 02-234081.  
Artists being accommodated at Laromme Hotel, Jerusalem.

**THE BRITISH COUNCIL**  
will be closed on Monday, May 30 for  
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THE MAIN trouble with *Sophie's Choice* is very simple: it is a totally unnecessary movie. Not only doesn't it add any new dimension to William Styron's voluminous novel; it even diminishes its impact by putting terrifying conceptions that should be beyond anyone's imagination into clear pictorial images.

Of course, one might argue that all the lazy pseudo-intellectuals who will never muster up the courage to tackle the novel can get acquainted with the book through Alan J. Pakula's film. But in all honesty, neither Styron nor Pakula is very well served here. And in times to come, when idle minds have become the overwhelming majority and *Sophie's Choice* has to survive as a video-cassette of this film, then both author and filmmaker will suffer.

Not that it is a bad movie. After all, years went into the careful research, pre-planning and preparations before it was shot. Painstaking effort was invested in every aspect of the production. One of the greatest cameramen in the world, Nestor Almendros, turned every single frame into a tour de force; Meryl Streep learned Polish and German to identify completely with the character she plays; and Pakula went back to Styron several times with the script he had prepared, to consult him and ask for his approval.

What you see on the screen now is just that: a film carefully put together, systematically planned, enormously respectful of the written word. But the film betrays the novel on which it is based by being too faithful to it. Pakula stays close to the first person narration; he keeps to the dramatic structure which leads the audience through the tissue of lies put together by Sophie to defend herself, until he reaches the awful truth. He attempts the same sort of compassionate approach of an outsider stunned by the tortured personalities of the two people he encounters during the summer of 1947.

HERE, for the benefit of anyone who hasn't read the original, let me explain that *Sophie's Choice* is about the triangular relationship between Sophie, a survivor of Auschwitz; Nathan Landau, a schizophrenic, incandescent and magnificent New York Jew; and Stingo (who is none other than Styron himself), a young, sexually insecure, aspiring author from the South, hoping to break into the literary world of Manhattan. The three meet in a pink boarding house in Brooklyn (pink is the colour of the walls, and it has neither moral nor political significance), and their tragic encounter reflects, in many ways, the clash between three different worlds at odds with each other.

I have no intention of going into the merits of Styron's prose, for it has been discussed at length on too many occasions. I will only say that while I understand the negative reaction, amounting even to anger and revulsion, of some Israeli reviewers to *Sophie's Choice*, book and movie alike, because it dares to approach the Holocaust on a fictional level and because it implies that Nazis can suffer from headaches and Jews can be emotionally unstable, I certainly do not agree with them.

As far as I am concerned, the Holocaust is such a monstrously gigantic and incomprehensible crime that anything that might help elucidate it, even slightly, is welcome. Not to mention the fact

# Faithful to a fault



Kevin Klein as Nathan, Meryl Streep as Sophie, and Peter McNichol as Stingo in Alan J. Pakula's film rendition of William Styron's *'Sophie's Choice.'*

## CINEMA Dan Fainaru

that, in this case, the fiction is so carefully documented that it is barely fiction at all.

Also, the combination of Nazi crimes dredged up from Sophie's past and the sexual components of her present, found abominable by some reviewers, is no more abominable than life itself, which, for those who survived, has to go on, sexual aspects included.

As for the presentation of Nazis as vulnerable beings, repellent as this may be it is exactly this vulnerability, this apparent human frailty, that made their existence so blood-curdling. It would have been much easier if every Nazi had had horns and hoofs; but unfortunately they didn't. And anyone who complains that this is rendering absolute evil human should remember it every time he hurls epithets like "nazi" and "fascist" at any head he doesn't like.

COMING BACK to the movie, it is not lack of reverence towards the Holocaust that makes it fail, but rather the awe inspired by this tremendous subject, and by the novel in print.

It is very nice to emulate Styron and tell the story, on film, in the first person; but there is no such thing as first person in cinema, for the first person is the camera itself, looking at everybody else from outside. Therefore you already have a double standard approach: the camera trying to tell one story while the narrator's voice is attempting to put into words whatever is shown on the screen.

In the process, the character of the narrator — that is, of Styron himself, a rounded and complex personality in the novel, is shrivelled on film to a mere shadow. Since additional pruning was necessary, Nathan Landau becomes a kind of monumentally morbid prankster without much flesh to his bones.

Sophie is the only one to whom the movie does full justice, not doubt because Meryl Streep has gone to incredible lengths to fashion every detail, every glance and every hesitant gesture in her performance. This is indeed an amazing achievement, intellectual acting at its best.

But not only have characters been maimed; much of the thematic balance in the novel has gone haywire. The rabid excesses of Polish anti-Semitism are toned down; the heavy burden of racial guilt borne by the Southerner pursued by the image of black rebel Nat Turner is non-existent; Sophie's contacts with the so-called normal world are ignored. By shrinking the whole story into a manageable size, Pakula has somehow reached an acceptable form of script; but, to come back to the initial argument, who needs it?

AKIRA KUROSAWA'S 13-year-old movie *Dodeskaden* is, if I am not mistaken, a strange combination of two sources of inspiration: Gorky's *Lower Depths* (which Kurosawa had adapted earlier, brilliantly, for the screen) and de Sica's *Milano*. On top of these influences Kurosawa poured a strong dose of his own profound pessimism, the result being so downbeat that no one was really surprised when he tried to commit suicide after making this film. It certainly looks suicidal enough for any taste.

For what Kurosawa is saying in this movie is absolutely clear: life itself is unbearable and the only way to go on is to forgo hope, escape into an imaginary universe and ignore the ignominy of reality. Any other way leads to physical or emotional death; which, in this instance, are one and the same thing.

To prove his thesis, Kurosawa develops a series of parallel episodes, all anchored in an imaginary slum on the outskirts of an imaginary city. Each episode shows another aspect of human misery, sometimes humorously, sometimes grotesquely, often resorting to melodrama and even to tragedy.

The movie opens and ends with the briefest and least developed, yet the most symbolic, story of them all. An obviously backward teenager leaves his mother's impoverished home-cum-diner on a busy mid-town street, sets his sights on the wasteland on the opposite side, and moves swiftly across the street imitating the sounds of a tram. Evidently he is playing at being the driver, and the noises he emits, a sort of onomatopoeic imitation of a moving tram, become the name of the movie itself, for there is no other meaning to the word *Dodeskaden*.

The same teenager, who, at the end of the film, returns home in the same imaginary vehicle, closes the film, putting the final touch to an image of the bliss to be found in an escape from reality, eventually even into madness.

BUT THIS teenager is by no means the sole exponent of Kurosawa's outlook. Another episode shows two interchangeable couples, in which the husbands spend their days in hard work, their evenings in drinking and their nights in total stupor, by the side of spouses whose identity is irrelevant. That is why, in the middle of the film, the two friends switch homes and wives and life goes on as if nothing had happened. Even the women, who meet regularly at the fountain in the centre of the shantytown where we have already met the disturbed teenager, do not seem to mind the change, or to think it matters one way or another.

Then there is the epileptic clerk (is it a distant echo of *Ikiru*?) who knows that his shrew of a wife is still preferable to all the well-intentioned friends he might have, for she has stuck by him all these years. In other words, he realizes that there are different degrees of despair, and that he should be content that he is not on the lowest rung.

There are the father and son who build castles in Spain while almost dying of malnutrition in the car wreck which serves as their home; the betrayed husband who refuses

to forgive his wife and retreats into a mute ignoring of the world, a sort of suicide without death; the girl who supports her uncle and aunt, until she is raped by the uncle, and then, in desperate protest, attempts to kill the only person who has been kind to her. There is the wise old man who stays in the shantytown as a kind of counsellor and prop in times of stress, and is capable of an almost Christian gesture (Christian in the biblical, not the ecclesiastical sense), when he offers a thief all the loot he wants because he probably needs it so much.

All these characters live side by side in the illusory universe created by Kurosawa, a planet of its own to which they escape after their daily chores.

COLOUR is of the utmost importance here, whether in the backdrop, hand-painted by Kurosawa himself and implying a vitality that is just beyond the borders of the world inhabited by his characters, or in the specific shades used for the different stories. Thus we have dark blue for the father and son episode; dead grey for the betrayed husband; a strong contrast of colours in the homes and dresses of the two workers and their wives; delicate pastel shades around the flower girl who is the victim of rape; quiet, restrained hues in the old man's shack.

Kurosawa went to a great deal of trouble to get his colours and made a pest of himself in the Japanese laboratories, for whom his requirements were totally off the beaten track.

A most carefully orchestrated film, a treatise in human dejection, a sort of *Torilla Flat* in which all smiles are sad, it is no wonder that *Dodeskaden* had commercial troubles wherever it was released. Critics liked it, it even rated a best foreign film Oscar, but the public found it heavy going. In Japan, it ran over four hours, for the West, it was cut to two hours, 40 minutes. Cinephiles will not want to miss it, but the average filmgoer might think it isn't too much fun.

THE JEWELRY OF the Yemenite Jews has long been one of the wonders of the goldsmith's art. The contrast between a society which was technically retarded in so many ways and the high level of skills of their smiths has puzzled observers ever since this delicate work in gold and silver first became known in the Western world.

Many different influences can be detected in the Yemenite jewelry, but put together the work becomes a well-defined and unique art form. The patterns, designs and techniques that characterize this work are stylized, yet have a grace and beauty that seems to flow from the objects themselves.

San'a was the traditional centre of this art and Jewish craftsmen have plied their craft in that city for as long as there have been Jews there. Some date the first appearance of Jewish smiths to the earliest settlers, at the time of the Second Temple, and legend says that among those settlers were smiths who had made sacred vessels and ornaments for the holy Temple itself and for the high priests.

THE CRAFT was always a family matter and the secrets of the craft were carefully passed down from father to son throughout the generations. The Moslems of the Yemen relied on these smiths for their ornaments, too. Since a woman's most cherished possession in the Islamic world is her dowry of jewelry, the acquisition of bracelets, necklaces and head-bands is of great importance.

The Moslems did not have any particular demands as to design, so the traditional Jewish designs were used, and many Moslem brides had jewelry that was decorated with the Magen David, significant gematrical numbers and pomegranates.

For it was the pomegranate that became the true hallmark of Yemenite Jewish jewelry. While the Moslem smiths throughout Islam had always favoured the cardamom seed as a symbol of fertility, the Jews of Yemen adopted the pomegranate, which is also a fruit containing innumerable seeds.

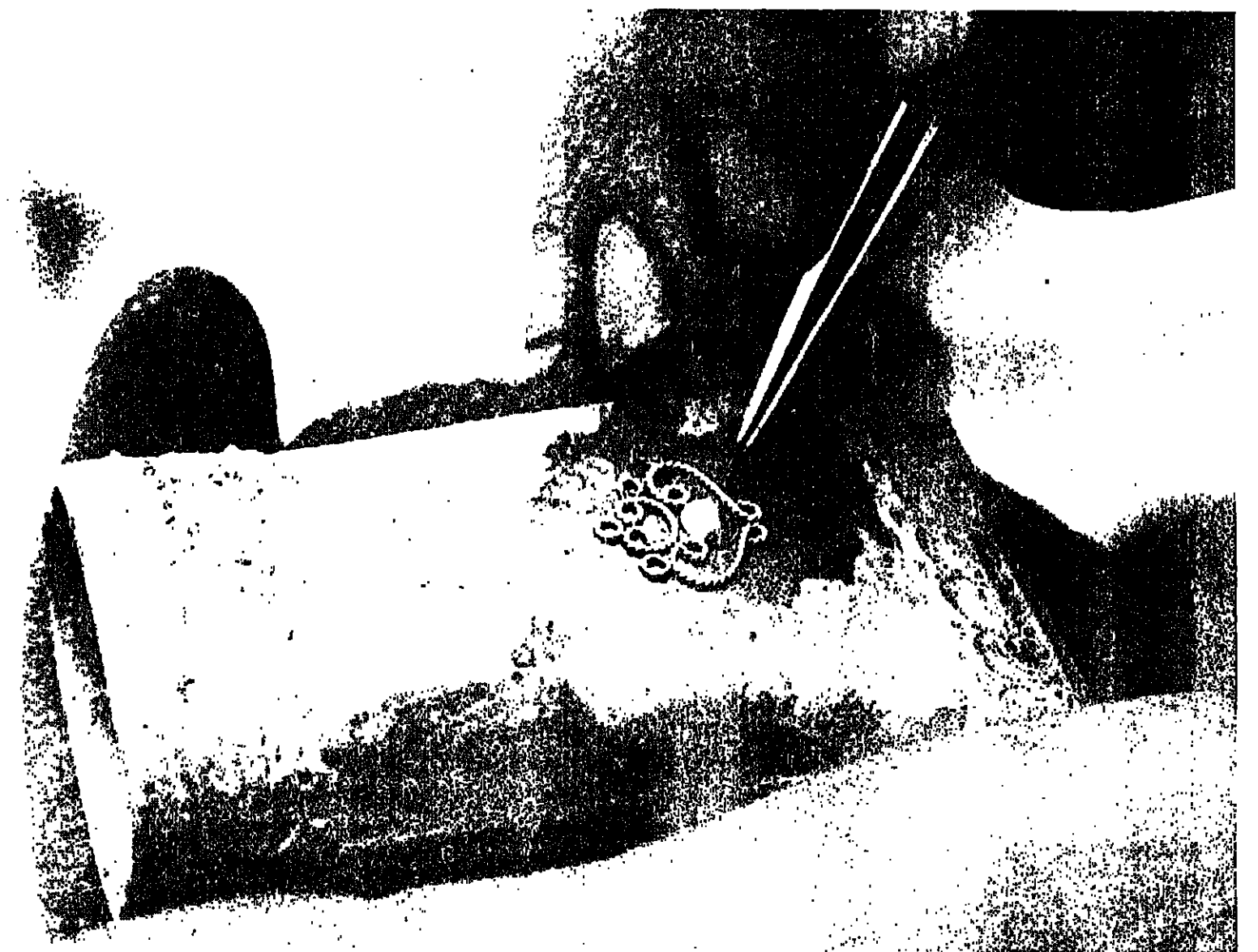
So thoroughly did this symbol insert itself into every piece of Yemenite silver and gold work that early Yemenite smiths in Israel even added it to brooches and pendants made in the European style for an Ashkenazi market.

Another special mark was the appearance of granules of metal, arranged in clusters of five, seven, eight or nine...symbolic of the five books of the Torah, the seven days of the week, the eight days of a child's life until the *brit mila* and the nine months of pregnancy.

BUT NOT ONLY was women's jewelry made by these exacting craftsmen. They also produced fine objects for men, such as ornaments for saddle and bridle, belt buckles, rings and holders for playing cards as well as plates and vases for the home. All of these items also bore the Yemenite designs in beautiful filigree and plaited silver and gold.

For the poorer people from the villages there were fine items in cheaper materials, such as silver containing up to 40 per cent copper, but in every case they were made with pride and loving care.

With the emigration of almost all of Yemenite Jewry to Israel in the Fifties, the art, ancient and honoured, began to die out. There was no market. The Yemenites were too poor to buy these items, as were most of the other members of the Oriental communities to whom they appealed, while those with more



# San'a's secrets

According to legend, the first Jewish goldsmiths came to Yemen more than 2,000 years ago. The ancient craft began to die out three decades ago. AVIVA KLEIN-FRANCKE reports on a revival of interest in Israel today. The photographs were taken by Karen Benzian.

money, the European Jews, admired the art form but had no desire to purchase. Only a few collectors were interested in acquiring these works.

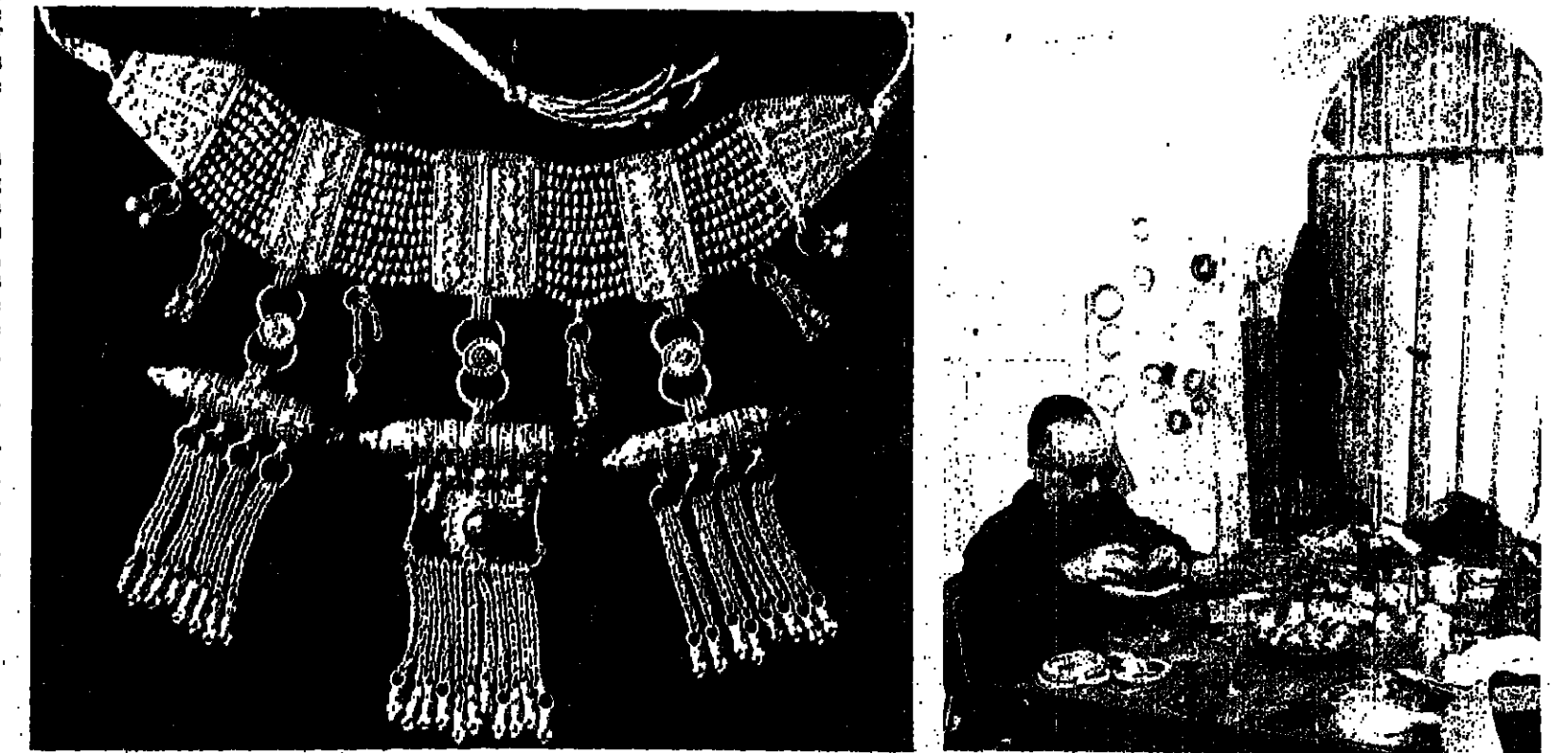
But while the work was not appreciated locally, the Yemen

government feared that the exodus of these Jewish craftsmen would mean the end of goldsmithing in their country. They held a number of the best craftsmen hostage, releasing them after their Moslem apprentices had mastered their trade.

Today there are only a few, very old Yemenites who still carry the secrets of this fine craft, and until recently it seemed that when they died it would be the end of a grand tradition. However, there is reported to be

a revival of interest on the part of the Yemenite Jewish community, and at the same time young craftsmen, most of them not Yemenites, are seeking out these old masters and learning from them.

One of the few Yemenite goldsmiths still active in Israel, Shimon Sharabani, in the Zadok workshop in Jerusalem.



FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1983



Empty protest

Gil Goldfine

AS THE Lebanese conflict ebbs into political rhetoric, many have stood up to be counted. Some artists jumped months ago into the critical arena; others, like sculptor Pinchas Eshet, required a bit more time to digest matters before making brush, unqualified, statements.

Eshet has had to abandon his elegantly stylized porcelain busts and objects. He has replaced them with gargantuan, larger than life female figures and nasty-looking dogs. To qualify his art, Eshet also displays four prominent "symbolic" pictures from 20th century art (Boccioni's "Figure in Motion," the "Uncle Sam Wants You" poster; an acrobatic goddess from the 1936 Berlin Olympics; and a poster advertising the benefits of the Revolution, dated 1920) to give credence to "Uprise and Courage," the title of his show.

The centerpiece comprises three white plaster-of-Paris figures, splashed and brushed with royal blue, identifying the person with the State. These "women," by nature of their aggressive mannerisms, postulate courage, bravery and martyrdom. Emoting feverishly with everything they've got, Eshet's figures are demoted to clichés, rank-and-file allegories that echo "Liberty on the Barricade," and the raising of the flag over two Jims. The half-dozen blue-and-white hounds, together with several hollow, welded metal figures stapled around the gallery, are also melodramatic statues portrayed as stalwart guardians of who knows what.

Eshet manages to diminish the formal sculptural elements (volume,



Pinchas Eshet: welded metal sculpture (Radius Gallery, Tel Aviv).

space, planes, edges and surface) while elevating the narrative message to such a pitch that one shrugs off the work as mere propaganda or just another glimpse of empty protest. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv). Till June 15.

ZIVA CASPI'S small bronze sculptures are formula stereotypes, facial and anatomical features rearranged in fragmented compositions. Using all the right "devices," (pouting lips, drooping eyes, twisted necks) Caspi pursues emotion via programmed gestures. The only interesting aspect of Caspi's art is her effective use of contrasting stone plinths. (Hindusa "K" Gallery, 33 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till June 4.

MOSHE NINIO'S photographic enlargements, entitled "The Silver Period," are not understandable. The idea is incoherent, the source inconsequential and the product (art?) solemn, stodgy and dreary. (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hachacham, Tel Aviv). Till June 8.

Arabs and Jews

Ephraim Harris

SHIRAZ (Ein Harod Meuhad) shows oils of M. Gilboa, visible from the artist's kibbutz. The paintings, smooth and competent, employ not more than three colours, and, at times, just two. The most pleasing are those where vegetation tops the sky line and is just discernable on the slopes. However, some special inspiration, apart from proximity, must have existed for the choice of subject. That seems missing, except perhaps in the partially stylized work consisting of two rounded and voluminous segments in red and green respectively, joined by a large flat blue area between them. Such items convey a wild and aggressive nobility but in view of their similarity, are hardly enough for a full-sized show. (Abba Khoushy Gallery, Haifa). Till May ARAB, DRUSE AND JEWISH ARTISTS, in an ably selected show, mark Bot Hagafen's 20th anniversary. Of Erezi's figurative "Compositions," the most powerful is the expressionist (2) in a dark grey. A hopeful new comer, Yavnieli, has a quasi-abstract arrangement of burst green pears and also a leafless tree spread across a monochrome background; Salum's poster-like "Landscape" depends on defined bright colour areas and line. Abu-

Rukun's allegorical "Composition" (8) pits a horse, as leading motif, against complementary decoratives, the intervening space filled by a harmonised bright inner light. H. Weisenberg presents two of his paintings on printers matrices, the more legibly clear and colourful being the two women's heads ("Masks"). Dau's calligraphic decorative exploits to fullest advantage the various layouts of Arabic lettering, e.g. 24-26; and Adib's highly detailed pen drawings supply first class work, as in 35, a woman in a floral setting.

Of the topographical subjects, two "Jerusalem's," basically similar but entirely different in approach, are I. Weinberger's symbolically majestic, brown and yellow archway; and Korber's subdued, Islamic-arched and stepped lane. The remainder handle Arab themes. Aramly's "Among the Beduin" depicts a tent interior noteworthy for its fine lemon green and brown composition, the figures classing the picture as *naif*. Dobrin's "Arab Village" placed between the blank house walls, provides an architectural touch; while Feuerstein's water-colour "In the Café" imparts human personality through the medium's spontaneity, instead of his habitual deliberate construction.

As to the sculpture, F. Weinberg shows three variations of the same

Literary illusions

Meir Ronnen

HASSIA JANET COREY shows "dropped" paintings on vinyl, the liquid acrylic paint having been literally dropped or squirted down onto the opaque surface with the force and near symmetry of an explosion. Most of them look like Rorschach tests and several seem to have been made in the same way, by folding and blotting, the paint dispersing as *frottage* on the non-absorbent surface.

Corey heightens the explosive effect by shaping the finished work into a convex volume, sometimes with a few concave indentations. The edges of the unframed, unstretched vinyl are often artfully tattered and torn, adding to an already



Anton Biedermann: nude, 1983 (Alon Gallery, J'lem).

unfortunate decorative effect.

Corey's work is latter-day Pollock, but with less compositional subtlety and fewer surprises, despite the impression of forcefulness and pleasantly high colour. Her preten-



Hassia Janet Corey: "Chesed" (detail), acrylic on vinyl, 1980 (American Cultural Center, Jerusalem).

tious catalogue note speaks of supernovae, snowflakes, micro-organisms and the kabbalah all in one breath (all her works have Hebrew names, *sefirot* relating to wisdom, harmony etc., the ten attributes of the Creator's energy). But it takes more than lofty literary allusions to hold one's attention. If Corey had named these works in psychological terms related to Rorschach tests, would we have been expected to look at them differently? I can't escape the feeling that all abstract symbolism is hokum; and that good abstract painting is essentially about itself.

Corey, a graduate of Cooper Union and Columbia, is currently Artist-in-Residence at Ramat Henegev College in Yeroham. (American Cultural Center, Rehov Karen Hayesod, J'lem.) Till June 16.

ANTON BIEDERMANN is a forceful young painter with a fine sense of colour, but who is still deeply floundering in a sea of influences. His first one-man-show at this gallery runs the gamut from Francis Bacon to the new German expressionists like Salome, Fetting and Kiefer, not to mention an upside-down birth symbol that cries Baselitz. Nearer home is the influence of Ori Raiman (many of whose works are owned by this gallery), expressed in the best and most powerful painting on show: a brutally broad but effectively "right" composition of a woman in red and yellow. The yellow is not quite the right yellow, but the bold shapes and colours, contrasted with the misty treatment of the face, are nicely disconcerting. Some of the show is autobiographical, relating to the artist and his family and organised in crudely unrelated triptychs. Biedermann's work brims with energy, as though he cannot wait to set things down. One recalls an old adage: less haste, more speed. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem.) Till June 6.

poetic (but still personal) note: "Branches" (18) are spread out in almost linear abstract formation; while "Trees" (34) become slender and delicate veins approximating those of leaves. A wholly different theme is his "Clouds." Here he ventures into pure colour. They defy classification: devoid of any visible connection with the firmament, they might be abstract but that unmistakable rushing movement, the feeling of movement in space, impart realism to their existence.

The drawings, academic flowers etc., are less engaging, except where they repeat the oils. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till June 1.

DAOUD HAYEK employs outspoken colour, sharply defined line and highly disciplined composition, in a style not uncommon among Arab artists. Subjects are often symbolic or allegoric, seemingly outside our imaginativeness and yet clearly within a general aesthetic. First place goes to "Woman in Red," a compelling red as the sole colour for a system of whorls and curving lines, at the middle of which nestles a curious stylised face; and the fantastic "Dance" where blue figures, unrelated to any actual existence, catch the mobile and animated spirit of the title. In other exhibits, like 6, Hayek is entirely abstract; or realist as in "Oriental Woman," placed neatly in her surroundings. Lastly, there is the grandiose symbolism of a female figure representing "The Earth" typical of the style outlined at the start. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till June 1.

JOSEPH ZDROJEVITCH shows oils and drawings and is an artist whose subjects have always been drawn from sylvan themes in a representationalism stated in his own terms (at first acquaintance with his work, his trees had bright blue trunks, an example of the correlative subjective in painting). At this exhibition the visitor gets the impression that, despite the absence of dates, it opens with fairly naturalistic early canvases of savage or romantic forests; and then arrives at his present day personal expressionism.

Unexpectedly, Zdrojevitch switches from forest depths to a

"IT LOOKED just like Ben-Gurion Airport. The whole town was there, with everybody pushing those enormous luggage-size carts."

This was how my Finnish friend Eeva, who works in Tiberias, described the recent opening of the Nuva Hyper-Shuk here. I returned with her a few days later, after the excitement had subsided, not because the Hyper experience is all that unusual by now: the Tiberias one is, after all, the 13th in the Nuva chain. But I thought that going hyper-shopping with one of the thriftiest Finns I know — and Finns are as thrifty as Israelis are wasteful — would be a hyper-experience.

The full implications of the prefix "hyper" seems to have escaped local name-givers. It comes from the Greek *hyper*, in the sense of over, above, exceeding and excessive, the last two being, I think, applicable to the Israeli shopping scene. Thus, hyperaesthesia means morbid sensitiveness of the nerves; hyperbole is an exaggerated statement. Hypercritical means too critical and hypertrophy means enlargement due to excessive nutrition — a good place to stop at the dictionary list, which goes on and on.

We put some potatoes and a container of cottage cheese in our enormous cart, which hardly amounted to a hyper-shop. But this helped save time at the "baggage control," where purchases are checked after you leave the establishment: the management does not entirely trust the cashiers' hyper-technology.

I AM perfectly aware that the worldwide trend is away from the corner grocery and toward the huge, computerized, coded, Hyper-Super-Kol, which is supposed to provide savings through bulk shopping and, in the case of Nuva, to increase these savings further by cutting out the middle-man, and bringing produce straight from the producer (or importer, as happens more and more) to the consumer. The trouble is that bulk buying tends to result in bulk garbage, for if ever waste was a way of life, it is here in Superhyperville.

The unfortunate word "consumerism" really refers not to consuming, but to buying and throwing out. (And anyway, why "consumerism" when not "workerism" or "painterism" or "adulterism"?) Self-righteously, I walk daily past garbage bins that are rich cornucopias overflowing with roast chicken, sandwiches, tomatoes, risotto, chocolate cake, just name your preference, not to mention the beds, mattresses and chairs with which Galilee is strewn.

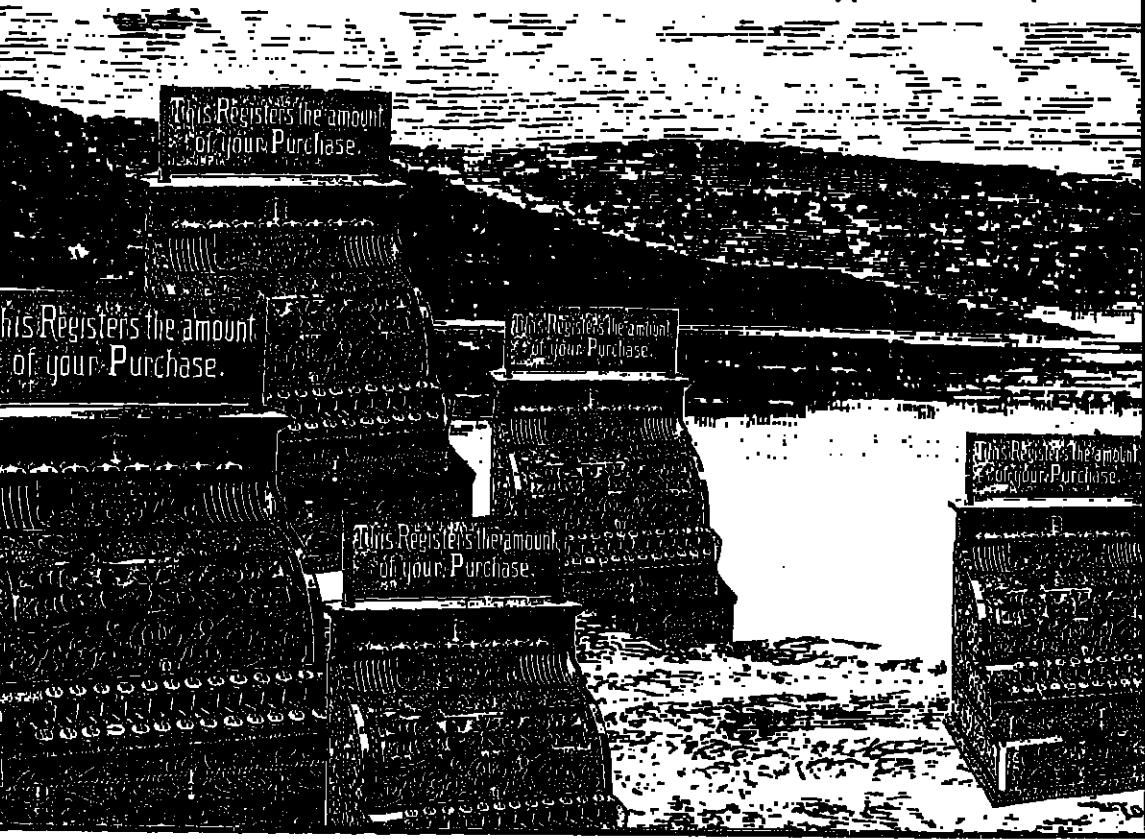
MY SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is supported by my Finnish connection. Finns, even the swinging modern ones, do not waste food as we do and find our habits hard to understand. And these apply to most of our institutions, from the army to the hotels, as much as to the individual.

"We have an old tradition that food is a gift from God," Eeva tells me, and as such it must not be flung out indiscriminately. The point is the principle, not the pennies saved. The Finns appear to live their traditions, while we merely talk about them endlessly.

FINLAND, incidentally, went over to summer time while still under nearly a metre of snow. "It means an important saving," Eeva says earnestly, "even though much of our electricity comes from water-power." Of which there is a miracle

A nation of shoppers

HELGA DUDMAN is less than hyperenthusiastic when she comes face to face with Tiberias' great leap forward into hyperconsumption.



of plenty. The Finns, who have 55,000 lakes, cannot comprehend our waste of water. And throughout timber-rich Scandinavia, newspapers are recycled. We cannot be bothered with it. We tried, but it was too much trouble.

I hasten to add that Finland is no longer inhabited exclusively by thrifty woodsmen and elves. Finns travel abroad, get plenty of paid holidays, own more cars per capita than we do, and got their first supermarkets 25 years ago. They have summer cottages, though their summers are as short as our spring, and garden feverishly during that time, carefully using all kitchen compost for the soil. Furthermore, they often build their summer cottages with their own hands instead of buying them as an investment: Tiberias is strewn with contractor-built holiday flats that are empty perhaps 90 per cent of the year.

My Finnish friends know and love Tiberias, and some of them have returned 15 or more times. But they look in wonderment at the piles of wasted food. One took home with her some tomato seeds — not bought, mind you, but picked out of a tomato — and grew them back home in frigid Finland, first indoors under plastic and then outside in the diffident Finnish spring, for a crop of Israeli tomatoes in Helsinki.

When Eeva and I walk past the mounds of golden bread baking atop the garbage bins, I mumble something about subsidies, which only makes the national character seem worse. Here we have the biblical staff of life, which Israeli children are carefully trained to refuse to eat when it is more than a few hours old. Some of my Finns accept day-old bread from their neighbours, partly because they cannot bear to see it become "sidewalk toast," and partly because their eyes positively light up at the thought of Poor Aristocrat — Kohat Ritarit in Finnish, Armer Ritter as German-speakers here

know it, not to mention plain old Bread Pudding, an American mainstay back when America was great.

WASTING FOOD seems to be determined culturally rather than economically. In Arab societies, I understand, it is good manners to leave something on your dish as a sign that you have eaten enough. In Central and Western Europe, one ate everything on the plate, or else it returned in the next meal.

Sir Moses Montefiore, whose background was Sephardi, saw to it that his household was run on scrupulously thrifty meals and, I am positive, he enjoyed leftovers arranged by Lady Judith for two reasons — the taste and the principle. But in Sephardi homes, as in Tiberias, where a generation ago money was in short supply, it is believed that food cooked today cannot possibly be eaten tomorrow.

In Finland, on the other hand, Eeva once worked for a large company where the Friday menu at the employees' canteen had a speciality affectionately called *Viikkokausaus*. This was the name of the weekly news review on television, like our Friday evening magazine. The point was that all the food which had appeared throughout the week reappeared Fridays, carefully edited. "We always knew what we'd get on Friday, but not in what form."

IT IS as dangerous to generalize about shopping habits as about shopping lists. There are mothers who still feel some ingrained urge to be careful, though this is usually blasted by the urge to indulge, or quiet the young. There are other minorities — often the rich, or those nurtured under other conditions, either here or abroad — who do not feel that the more bulging the bag, the better the outing.

Poorer families with many children are often considered the most irresponsible shoppers, but this is no rule. A friend of mine, a

European-born teacher with one child, whirls through the Supermarket, paying no attention to prices. One day I watched her snatch a container of imported salt in a disgusting plastic dispenser (this is not the place to discuss the disgustingness) priced at precisely 10 times the cost for the same weight of Israeli salt in a plastic bag. My polite Finns might have murmured some gentle reproval in Finnish; I noisily shamed her into buying the local product. Of course, nobody is going to get rich by these little gestures, but with our prevailing attitudes, we have nobody to blame for the state of the nation and are simply living up to Mr. Aridor's notion of our national dim-wittedness.

It is a well-observed fact of Israeli life that money has little value; we cope painlessly with inflation by buying whatever is in sight, whether it is a strawberry, a video set or a car. How could anyone expect the typical Israeli housewife to evince the slightest interest in consumer organizations? The English were once derisively called a nation of shopkeepers; we are a nation of shoppers, and feverish ones. Americans, by contrast, were once known for driving their station-wagons for miles to find a cheaper peanut-butter, which is also not the brightest approach to shopping, but at least indicates vestigial traces of the Puritans' "A penny saved is a penny earned."

A penny saved may be a kilo in the trash can, but here is a comparison of some recent prices, based on an armchair advertisement analysis. The large tin of Elite Instant Coffee was IS93.50 at the Supermarket (*Tsarchania*) as against IS95 at the new Hypershuk. A kilo of rice (imported) was IS23.90 versus IS23.50; a kilo of flour, IS16.90 versus IS15.90.

Here I am treading too far into the territory of my colleague Martha Meisels; but it is clear that the differences are marginal. Fruits

and vegetables, provided you are buying for a battalion, may have the edge at the Hypershuk, but who is going to go running to and fro to check cabbage-here, squash there?

The arrival of the Hypershuk is welcome if only to cope with the ravenous hordes who descend on Tiberias during the summer months, and leave their super-savings to litter the beaches. Not being natives, they do not get to know Bella, who is the real Secret Weapon of the Supermarket: everybody in town knows that there is no more friendly and efficient soul in all of Galilee.

TIBERIAS made the great leap forward from *shuk* to supermarket only about four years ago, which means that super to hyper was a relatively lesser surge. The *shuk* remains placid and homey, with none of the tensions of, say, the Tel Aviv market: women squat on the ground all day with two bunches of wilted parsley in their laps. Nevertheless, when a Golan Heights moshavnik wanted to open a competitive market some years back, he was kept from doing so by the powers down at our seemingly placid little market.

And before the Hypershuk opened, I heard rumours that Nuva was withholding good produce at the Supermarket to pave the way for its new enterprise. This may be a filthy canard, but that's the way the wind was blowing.

Upwardly-mobile mothers with 2.3 children and their own cars tend to shop at the supermarket, looted up the hill from the old part of town. Mothers of huge families who live further up the hill in the Project Renewal neighbourhood drag their shopping bags from the *shuk* in crowded buses, though Egged has now initiated a direct service to the Hypershuk.

Whether this intra-Histadrut activity will pay off in the next election remains to be seen. Elsewhere in the labour movement's economic network, the credit cards of one banking group permit the cagey shopper to beat at least that month's inflation.

TO ROUND this off with a return to Tiberias' Finnish connection. Twelve senior citizens recently received the honour of "Worthy of the City," just as in Jerusalem, for long years of contribution in various fields. The 13th was a non-Jewish Finn, Professor Aapeli Saaristo, Orientalist, archaeologist, prolific author, lecturer, and at 86 the most senior of all. He would not be caught in any supermarket, keeps hile by eating mostly the grasses of the field, and has been coming to Tiberias for six months every year for over 60 years.

The event was also attended by his old friend Ellahu Amitzur, 80, of Moshav Kfar Yehoshua, a rugged farmer who still works his land and has no telephone in his house. In describing his old Finnish friend's love of Israel, his scholarship, and his contributions to tourism here, Amitzur also stressed the professor's hatred of waste and conspicuous consumption — a point perhaps missed by the citizens of Tiberias, where several new shopping centres are now nearing completion.

Since all this is a lost cause, a voice crying in the wilderness of inflation and garbage, I might as well close with a suitably irrelevant saying in Finnish: *Matla Aja tiljaa Sillalla*. You might think it resembles an Arab prayer, but what it means is, "In the evening, drive slowly on the bridge." □



THERE ARE tours and there are tours. You can see all of Jerusalem in half a day, or you can spend hours viewing what most tourists only glance at as their guide hurries them on to the Western Wall, the Dome of the Rock, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the open market in the Old City.

Now there is a two-hour tour of the Ophel, the area that stretches from the Temple Mount to the road running down from Dung Gate.

The site spans 26 centuries of civilization, from King Solomon's time to that of Suleiman, and digging and reconstruction is still going on there.

According to archeologist Meir Ben-Dov, the dig, of which he is in charge, is the biggest in Israel, and perhaps even in the world. The painstaking work of uncovering the past, begun by Prof. Binyamin Mazur, has continued for 15 years, winter and summer, and there are at least two more years of work to go.

The site lies between the City of David, to the south, a low ridge which David conquered from the Canaanites, and the Temple Mount, the sacred area which he purchased from the Jebusites. In the days of Solomon, there were palaces and official buildings here.

The finds are rich and varied and date to the Herodian, the Roman, the Byzantine and the Arab periods. Among the rules which the archeologists laid down for themselves was the one that they would not just show the monumental finds from the Second Temple period, but would also stress the interesting finds from all the other epochs.

This approach, says Ben-Dov, not only establishes historical truth, but also reflects the sensitive position of Jerusalem, which is special to many people. What we have, as a result, is a remarkable glimpse into the lives of people who occupied the site, and a living lesson on the way archeologists should work.

"WE CAN WALK down through 25 layers," says Ben-Dov, and that adds up to the 25 times the inhabitants made changes in their city.

These changes are clearly evident in one of the first items we are shown. It is a column lying on its side, with the word Caesar clearly visible. Not visible to the naked eye is the name of Titus, the Roman general who conquered Jerusalem and destroyed the Temple and later became emperor. Nor can we see that the name of Silva, the Roman general who conquered Masada, was once inscribed and later removed.

But the story of the column does not end there. After Ben-Dov points it out to us, we see that its base is far larger than it should be; this smaller column was carved out of one of the massive monumental columns of Herod's Temple and formed part of an 8th-century Moslem palace. To give the story a modern touch, Ben-Dov recalls that during the first year of excavations he found a very similar column on Tisha B'Av, the fast day marking the destruction of the Temple.

There is less emotion attached to the Crusader tower we now ascend. It is a marvelous vantage point from which to survey the entire area. To the south of us runs the wall of Suleiman the Magnificent, the 16th-century Ottoman emperor; to the west, the walls of an earlier Moslem palace, uncovered during the excavations.

It is the preservation and reconstruction of buildings such as the latter which give the lie to the charges — by UNESCO, among others — that the excavations preserve only Jewish remains. In fact, Ben-Dov said, the excavations have shed new light on the early Abbasid period, unrecorded in the annals of later Moslem historians.

This work, he adds, is clearly recognized by the Moslem religious council, which has allowed Ben-Dov to measure whatever he wants on the Temple Mount and has even given him help, in the form of electric lighting.

As for UNESCO, last month they sent an expert to visit the site, Prof. Raymond Lemaire of Belgium. But when it came to formulating their resolutions, the members only paid attention to one sentence in his report, the one stating that he visited the excavations. The rest, says Ben-Dov, is pure fantasy, politically motivated attacks in what is ostensibly a non-political area.

Ben-Dov bristled over one comment made by Lemaire, to the effect that, while other countries — such as India and Indonesia — seek the advice of international experts with regard to excavation and reconstruction, the Israelis act entirely on their own. To this, Ben-Dov replies that Israel, with a recognized international reputation in these areas, can easily teach others how to go about it.

This is evident in the Byzantine rooms directly under the Crusader tower. Here the archeologists found the remains of wood ceilings and used them in the reconstructed chambers. The restorers also replaced a variety of plaster undercoats, including one in which small stones had been embedded in the wet plaster, another which involved hammering dents into the dried plaster, and, most sophisticated of all, using a roller to make birdlike tracks up and down the wet plaster walls. All these were used to provide a base for a final smooth coat which has not survived.

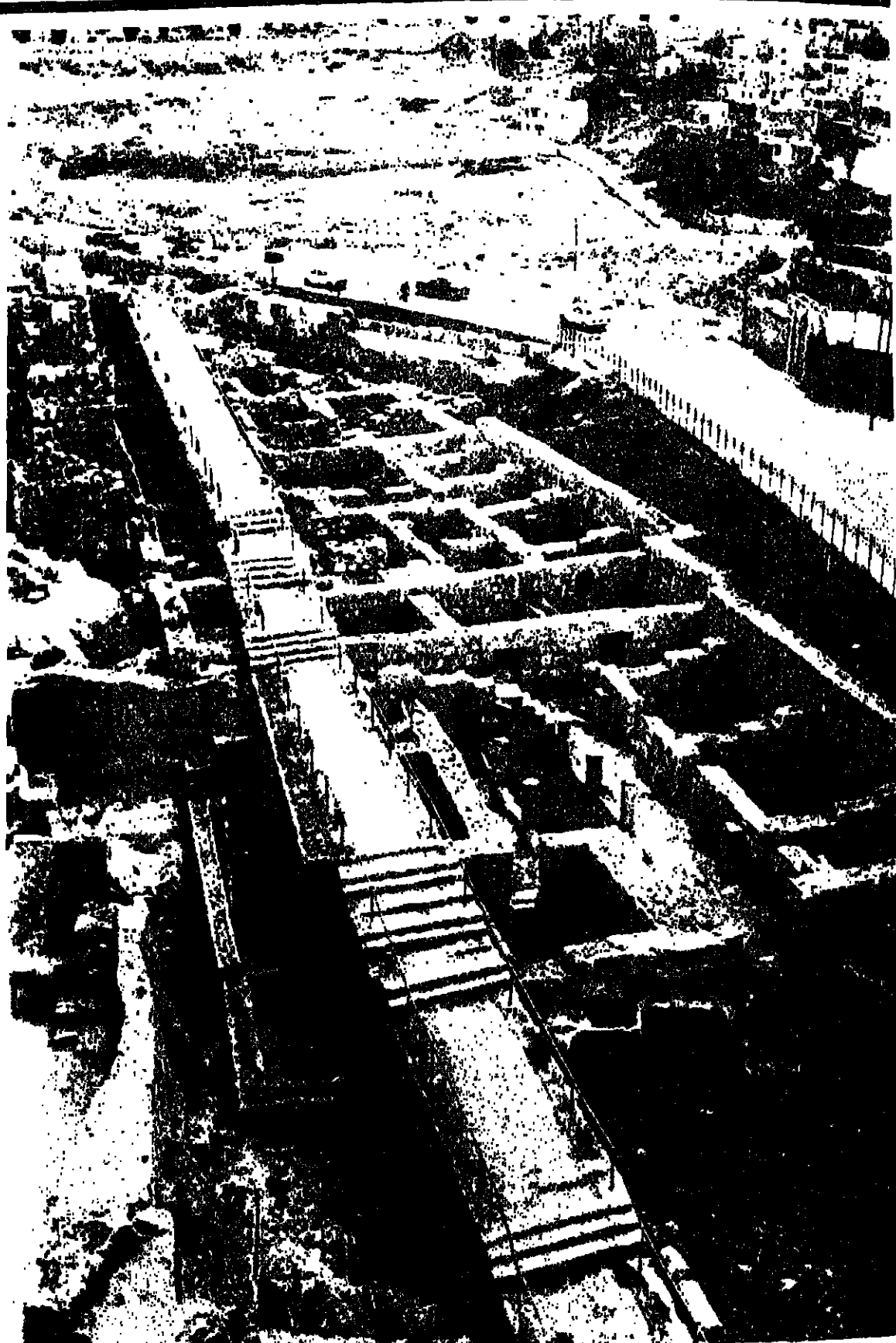
WE ENTER one room across a mosaic floor. It is a relatively simple pattern and Ben-Dov notes that he and his colleagues made a conscious decision to allow visitors to walk on it, "to feel that such floors were actually used and are not just museum pieces."

Outside the room, which Ben-Dov believes probably housed an entire family, there is a small courtyard, complete with potted plants, such as might have graced it when it was part of a residence. Care has been given to the plantings on the site. All are local flora which might have once been found outside the original buildings.

To get from one part of the Byzantine complex to the other, outside the Ottoman wall, we take advantage of an Omayyid sewage tunnel. On the way we stop at a cave, dug from the rock in Second Temple times and used during the Byzantine period as a cool food storage area.

Only a few metres away is a spot with Second Temple period dwellings. They have not been completely reconstructed, but the amateur archeologist can easily discern the private *milke* in each one.

Above them rise the monumental Herodian stairs leading to the now sealed Hulda Gate to the Temple Mount, providing a dramatic climax to the tour. Nearby are two tiny cedar saplings which the restorers hope will further enhance the dramatic setting. Originally, Lebanese saplings were tried, but after these failed to take root, a local species was planted. Despite the apparent frailty of the saplings, Ben-Dov is confident that they will



Walkway through section of archeology park outside Old City walls. Most of structures on downhill side are Hasmonean.

## A millennium an hour

The Post's HAIM SHAPIRO walks through 26 centuries of history on a two-hour tour of Jerusalem's archeological park. Photographs by Mike Goldberg.

grow to a great height within a decade.

At this point Ben-Dov leaves us to lead one of the three daily Hebrew tours of the site. There are also three tours a day in English, with less frequent tours in French and German. Once a week, there is a tour in Arabic, but there hasn't

been much interest, despite regular announcements on Arabic TV.

At one time, Ben-Dov says, there used to be regular visits by groups from Gaza. If the Arabs do come again, they will find much in which to take pride.

As we go back to the entrance, we stop at yet another wall.

"Herodian?" I venture, noting the monumental dressed stones.

Ben-Dov smiles and shakes his head. The stones are Herodian, but the wall is 7th-century Moslem. Through it runs a sewer pipe that looks startlingly modern and provides the key for this particular puzzle.



(Above) Meir Ben-Dov escorts a group of European rabbis. (Right) Over-all view of southern edge of the Temple Mount, with the Hulda Gate barely visible.



(Above) Pillars in Hasmonean courtyard. (Below) Mosaic in Byzantine room. (Below right) Metal stairs linking Crusader and Byzantine remains are designed to signal historical transition.



Handwritten text in a box on the right margin of page 15: "שפיירו חיים" (Shapiro Haim).



KENNETH CLARK, who died this week at 79, was a writer's writer, despite the fact that he became, in what would have been the twilight of anyone else's career, the most popular purveyor of culture ever known. His television series "Civilization," later made into a handsome best-selling book, was seen and absorbed by millions around the world. It made a particularly powerful impact on Americans, who recognised and mobbed the eloquent but diffident British historian wherever he went (airline porters would not accept a tip and fought to carry his bags).

When he was elevated to the peerage (one was always surprised to learn that he had not been born into it) it was inevitable that wags would tag him as Lord Clark of Civilization.

The field of art literature has long been hemmed in by forests of obscurity, or littered with the dead wood of psycho-symbolism. Most famous art historians are unreadable, just as most contemporary art writers are uninformative; and not only because most of them, particularly Americans, resort to jargon.

A classicist and a stylist in the great English public school tradition, Clark's genius was that he was able to marshal complex matters in elegant but eminently accessible language; he could state the most complex thought in a few simple and straightforward sentences. When he spoke on television, he did so in a direct and natural manner, explaining in simple language things that millions of people had always assumed were beyond their reach.

In his second volume of autobiography, *The Other Half* (published by John Murray at £6.50), Clark had this to say:

"The communication with simple people was one of the things about the programmes that particularly annoyed intellectuals of the left, who believed that they had a prescriptive right to speak to the working classes. Academics were furious at the simplification of their labours, and would have liked to catch me out in mistakes, of which there are a certain number. But they never wrote to me about them; perhaps they thought I was beneath contempt. In fact my approach to history was unconsciously different from that now in favour in universities, which sees all historical change as the result of economic and communal pressures. I believe in the importance of individuals, and am a natural hero-worshiper. Each programme had its hero — Charlemagne, the Abbot Suger,

## A civilized man



### Meir Ronnen

Alberti, Erasmus, Luther and Montaigne, Mozart, Voltaire, Jefferson, Rousseau, Wordsworth, and finally Brunel. One whole programme is called *The Hero as Artist*. The majority of people share my taste for heroes, whether football stars or pop singers, and so were glad of an historical survey that emphasised outstanding individuals rather than economic trends.

When the series was shown in the U.S.A. things got out of hand... I remember going into a chemist's shop in Boston and a lady who was there said to the chemist "Do you realise you have the greatest man in the world in your shop?" The chemist answered impressively "Sure I do." It is comical that such

treatment should have been handed out to a Wykehamist; an Etonian would have been better able to cope with it." This last remark was, of course, tongue in snobbish cheek.

EDUCATED at Winchester and Oxford, the young Clark worked for two years with Bernard Berenson in Florence. He was appointed Director of the National Gallery at 30, helped save its treasures from the Blitz, and revived the War Artists Scheme. Together with Dame Myra Hess he set up the first wartime lunchtime concerts at the National Gallery. At the end of the war he became Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. In 1953 he became Chairman of the Arts Council and then headed the committee that set up Britain's Independent Television Authority. He also helped establish the National Opera.

(X) Impeccable social bearing and

connections (he married into the aristocracy to boot) the urbane and handsome Clark hobnobbed not only with Royalty and Heads of State, but with artists, musicians and writers. Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore were among his close friends; and he was often the guest of Somerset Maugham. He lived and worked at Saltwood Castle, a restored Gothic masterpiece, in what was once the Hall of Audience of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He did his writing in his magnificent library; perhaps he was unconsciously going Berenson one better. In his later years he turned the Castle over to his son and daughter-in-law, having built a pavilion for himself and his wife in the castle's kitchen garden.

CLARK was an historian who bridged the two halves of this century. To read today of the personal nature and professional intentions of an artist is a commonplace. Clark the humanist was one of the pioneers of this approach. (Nevertheless there are still many eminent historians who write about art as though the men who made it never existed).

Despite the fact that Clark the scholar was the Director of the National Gallery, a Professor of Art History and the Chancellor of a University, he was no academic; and despite the fact that he played a leading role in the cultural life of his country, he never became a Mandarin.

It was as Slade Professor that Clark relaid the foundations for his career as an author. His favourite course, on Rembrandt, became the source for his wonderfully readable *An Introduction to Rembrandt* (John Murray, 1978). It is typical of him that he found it delightful to work on Rembrandt "because there were so few documents to scrutinise, all the evidence being in the works themselves."

On the other hand, *Landscape into Art* (1949) went into his Oxford lectures; and so did two of his most penetrating historical studies: *The Gothic Revival* (first written when he was 22) and *The Romantic Rebellion* (like most of his books, they were published by John Murray). Clark also wrote *Leonardo Da Vinci* (1939, revised for Penguin in 1958); *Piero della Francesca* (1951); and his famous *The Nude* (1955). Other studies published by Murray were *Ruskin Today*; *Looking at Pictures*; *Rembrandt and the Italian Renaissance*. Clark was also not above doing a *kultura* like *Feminine Beauty* (published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Rizzoli).

CLARK did not confine himself to lecturing and writing about drawing and painting. A splendid look at Clark the polymath is afforded in his last book, *Moments of Vision* (John Murray, 1981, 191 pp., published at £9.50) a collection of 11 lectures and essays that span half a century. In one way or another, however, they all deal with creativity. All are not only informative and wide-ranging, but also truly entertaining.

Despite his method of using the arts to illustrate one another, Clark saw his moments of vision as intensified physical perception (a certain reverence for the Divine was never allowed to cloud his perceptions). But he does make a clear reference to the way childhood experiences result in certain central images in an artist's work.

"Moments" is a moveable feast. It comprises a disquisition on the intuitive, scientific and imaginative approaches to art brilliantly entitled "The Blob and The Diagram"; an essay on the Concept of Universal Man, with Jefferson and Franklin as starters; a delightful tour of Mandarin English at its most florid; candid studies of Pater and Berenson; thoughts on the problem of Art History and Criticism as Literature; on the nature of Provincialism; and on Art and Society. There is also a touching series of examples of how aging has affected famous artists; and finally "Iconophobia," his witty and controversial potted history of the avoidance of the image, from the Second Commandment and Moslem art to 20th century abstraction.

Iconophobia was written at a time when abstract expressionism still held sway. Clark bemoaned the fact that a friend of his, a realist painter, could not get a teaching post anywhere in Britain at the time.

But Clark was ever open to everything. He reminded his audience of the neo-Platonic notion that forms the basis of today's aesthetics, that the value of an image resides not in imitation, but in form and idea. He was sensitive to the spiritual purity of Malevich and Mondrian, but with — and like — Rothko, felt that abstraction had run its course. At the time he wrote: "I suppose that in the end representational art will reappear, although I shall not be here to see it."

Well, he was, for art history, in a sort of inversion of Hubble's constant, seems to have suddenly speeded up the closer it gets to us.

Clark's gift was that he caught enough of every moment of vision to make it comprehensible. Right or wrong, he was never a bore. □

THE CHURCH, however, proved to be one of the lesser obstacles in the Earl's long career. Twice she was grounded, holed and flooded. During World War II the brave little steamer narrowly escaped an airborne bombing attack. Had it not been for a providential wind, the bombs would have hit their target.

When the *Da Auld Earl* was retired in 1946, she had already seen 70 years of service. But she had one more voyage to make.

At Aberdeen she was clandestinely bought by the Mossad 'Aliya Bet for use as an "illegal" immigrant ship. She was refitted at Marseilles to accommodate her human cargo and proudly renamed the *Yehuda Halevi*. Crammed with 392 people, the first Jewish immigrants from North Africa, she began her two-week run to Eretz Yisrael.

But the old engine's teak-encased brass cylinders were no match for the swift British warships that caught up with her just off the Palestine coast. She was towed into Haifa harbour, and the passengers who emerged from the filth and stench of her hold were shipped off to Cyprus. The *Earl* came to a sad and ignominious end under a breaker's hammer outside the harbour.

Robson spent a decade researching the story of the ship and his book is full of love for the people of his native Shetlands and the *Earl* that bound them together. None the less, he saves his most eloquent words for the chapters on the *Yehuda Halevi*.

Robson, who was a British soldier in Mandatory Palestine, expresses genuine pride in the fact that a Scottish ship played a significant part in the history of the Jewish people.

The book is illustrated with many photographs and the author's own etchings, and is superbly printed. □

THE SAGA OF A SHIP: The *Earl of Zetland* by Adam Robson. Lerwick, The Shetland Times, Ltd. 336 pp. £12.

David Brauner

remarkable fragmented range of involvement in community work never lessened. Politics, postal services, livestock cargoes, the Up-Helly-A' annual (Viking fire) festival and pleasure-trips, all contributed to the variety.

Because she was a powered vessel in a turbulent corner of ocean populated largely by sail and oar, she was often called upon for salvage and rescue work. One particularly

## Salt-caked coaster

THE SAGA OF A SHIP: The *Earl of Zetland* by Adam Robson. Lerwick, The Shetland Times, Ltd. 336 pp. £12.

David Brauner

gripping story has the *Earl* going out in search of a sailing smack, abandoned by her crew after the captain had drowned in heavy seas. The only person left aboard was Betty Mount, a partial cripple. The search proved fruitless; 10 days later old Betty in her smack washed up on the Norwegian coast.

In a normal seven-day week the *Earl's* crew dropped and raised anchor some 30 times. In one episode very similar to the El Al saga, the Free Church Presbytery of Shetland took strong objection to the Sunday sailings and petitioned the ship's owners to cease their desecration of the Lord's Day. But in the end "it was agreed that the practicalities were vital, and so the issue was abandoned."

But the old engine's teak-encased brass cylinders were no match for

IT HAS become increasingly clear that the future of Israeli society is connected to a large extent with its technological capabilities — industrial, agricultural, managerial, entrepreneurial. Its resourcefulness in these fields has made Israel an advanced nation. It must rely on this capacity in meeting the challenge of the future.

The need for technological development, however, wasn't always recognized, as this definitive and often fascinating study of the history of the Technion, Israel Institute of Technology, makes clear. The Zionist establishment relegated technology to a secondary role rather than attempting to create an educational system that would nurture it. It almost begrudged the development of higher technological education. In a way, it merely took note of a process which had taken shape of its own volition.

The result was the emergence of the Technion, today one of the leading technological universities in the world, located in a vast campus on the slopes of Mt. Carmel, and comprising a variety of faculties and departments whose graduates fulfil an essential role throughout the country.

IN CARL Alpert, the Technion has found an official historian with an unusual combination of qualities. He has been the Technion's main fund-raising and public relations officer for many years, and still serves as executive vice-chairman of its Board of Governors. He has had an important part in the growth of the Institute, particularly the Kiryat Hachem campus. He became known as the Technion's representative to Jewish contributors throughout the world.

Alpert is also a professional writer, whose newspaper column about Israel is familiar to Jewish readers in the U.S. and other countries. His scholarship is apparent in this book. He has made a meticulous study of the relevant material. In recent years he devoted much of his time to this major project. The result transcends mere institutional interest.

Moreover, his book isn't a vehicle for self-promotion. Anyone familiar with the Technion knows that Alpert has deliberately excised himself from his narrative. He chose to avoid the personal memoir.

As history, the first part of the book makes a greater impact. The early years of the Technion were marked by vision, strife and frustration. Later, as the Technion expands, the story reflects the concerns of an established institute. It is recorded with lucidity and in detail, but the drama is gone.

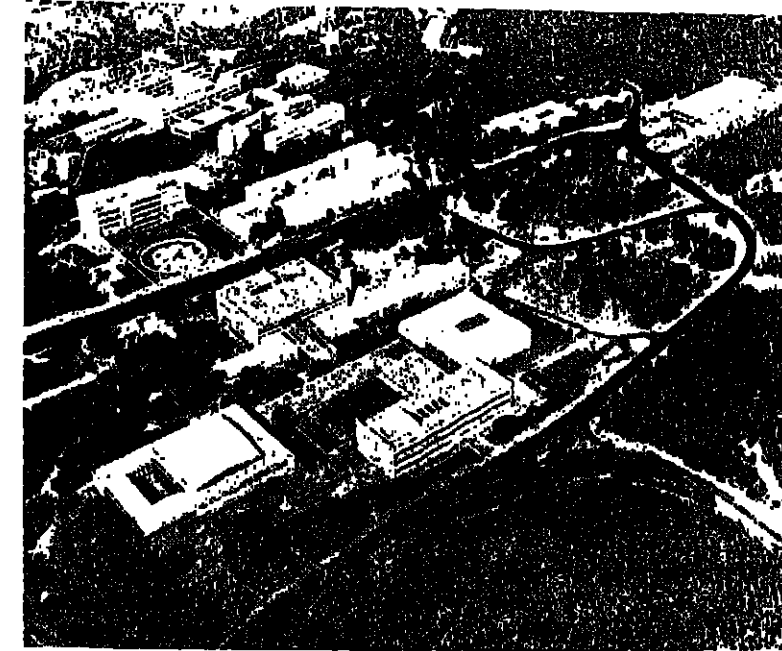
ONE OF the powerful personalities who shaped the Technion was Paul Nathan of Berlin, leader of the *Hilfsverein der deutschen Juden* (the Aid Society of German Jews), who originated the idea to establish a

HOW CAN a book about Israel, full of action, sex, credible vignettes of known landscapes and people, and even relatively well-written, fail? *Defy the Wilderness*, which has so much potential, does just that.

Maybe it's due to the cardboard characterizations. Not one personality is fully developed, not one acts in a realistic way, as the story proceeds, and the reader couldn't care less what happens to any of them.

Ann Randall, like the author, comes to Israel in the spring of 1980 to do research for a book about the War of Liberation. She has been

## A vision realized



TECHNION. *The Story of Israel's Institute of Technology* by Carl Alpert. Published by the American Technion Society and the Technion, New York and Haifa. 439 pp. \$30.

### Reuven Rosenfelder

technical institute in remote Palestine. Actually, the *Hilfsverein* was already quite involved, through a network of schools which it founded here. Nathan visited them as early as 1907, and upon his return began to implement his conception. Five years later the cornerstone was laid for the Technion building in the Hadar Hacarmel section of Haifa. It was designed by Alexander Baerwald, another German Jew, who later became the Technion's first professor of architecture. It is still one of the landmarks of the *Yishuv*.

But studies didn't begin till 1925. The building project progressed slowly. Nathan kept tight control — he had some samples sent to Berlin. Haifa had continually to plead for more funds; the financial pattern was set for the future.

An ideological conflict was soon apparent. Apart from providing help for the Jews of Palestine, the *Hilfsverein* leaders, as loyal Germans, wanted to advance German interests in the Orient. The national aspirations of the Zionists were alien to their temperament. There was a disparity between the emancipated Western Jews and the East Europeans, with their incomprehensible Zionist "chauvinism."

Yet Zionists were involved in the plan from the beginning. Ahad Ha'am's position was strengthened by the fact that he had received a gift of 100,000 rubles from the Wis-

sozky family. He and Schmuryahu Levin regarded the Technion as part of the Zionist endeavour. Their ambitious notions conflicted with the *Hilfsverein's* view of the Technion as an institute for training technicians.

Then the War of the Languages erupted. It was a curious and emotionally fraught episode. Convinced that Hebrew was inadequate for teaching technical subjects, Nathan insisted that German be used once Technion courses got under way. The Zionists on the Technion's board insisted that Hebrew should be the language of instruction. The controversy spread. The teachers' union took the lead in organizing demonstrations and excluding anyone who wanted to teach in German. Eliezer Ben-Yehuda wrote to the embittered Nathan: "The Technion will not open without bloodshed. Don't think this is just the work of a few youths."

THE OUTBREAK of World War I, and the ensuing disruption, ended the linguistic fracas. A whole decade was to pass before the Technion was finally opened with a class of 26 students. Germany was vanquished, the *Hilfsverein* was out of the picture, and the Zionists were in control. The building to which they had acquired title was in a shocking state; it had been used successively by Turkish, German and British troops.

But the Technion had arrived. Seventeen years after Nathan drafted his initial memorandum, the opening ceremony was held. *The Jewish Chronicle* called it "certainly the most impressive and dignified ever known in Haifa."

Nathan received an invitation. He didn't even reply to it. Yet the Technion is undoubtedly his brain child. He is commemorated in a plaque af-

fixed to what is now the old building. Haifa owes him a permanent debt of gratitude: It was he who decided to build the Technion there. In this he was only following Herzl, who in *Altneuland* had written of the city with the future.

ANOTHER POWERFUL personality was Dr. Shlomo Kaplansky, who had been a member of the Zionist Executive, and became director ("Principal") of the Technion. "He undertook to manage an institution which was being wracked by personality conflicts and ideological dissension and on the verge of dissolution for lack of funds," Alpert writes. These circumstances "gave little promise of the 19 years of growth and development which were to follow under his leadership."

He seemed a pedant but according to Alpert, he was a man who combined vision with perseverance and attention to detail. By the time of his death in 1950, he had shaped the Technion into a viable institution which had taken root and gradually expanded to meet the *Yishuv's* needs. The stage had been set for the transition to a large technological university.

It was a difficult road Kaplansky travelled. He had been preceded by a series of directors who were unable, despite sincere efforts, to extricate the institute from its troubles. The importance of the post of director hadn't been properly acknowledged. A 1929 tender for the post contained the following sentence: "Preference will be given to candidates who can instruct in technical machines or bridge-building."

The Technion was a step-child of the Zionist Organization. It was subject to control by far-off officials who kept tight control of the purse-strings. The fundamental issue of the desired educational level remained unresolved. The Technion students (who have always been activists), the teachers and a handful of board members struggled to achieve higher status for the institute, but the Zionist bodies saw no need for it. A Jewish Agency official calculated in 1928 that no more than four or five new engineers were required in Palestine annually. They should be trained in Cambridge, he said.

At the time of Kaplansky's appointment, there was no money for the teachers' salaries. The staff agreed to work without pay, and signed a statement that they would wait till funds became available. This offer, Alpert says, was "clear, unqualified, generous, self-sacrificing."

A THIRD notable figure was Prof. Sydney Goldstein, a towering academic personality trained in the British manner, who came to Haifa from Manchester in 1950. He was the right man at the right time. The question of status had been resolved

but the Technion was still academically parochial. If it were to keep pace with the development of a new campus, the Technion's structure and constitution had to be revamped — in effect, created — so it could function as a Western-oriented university. Goldstein complemented the President, Ya'akov Dori. A former military man with a capacity for leadership, Dori didn't have the necessary academic expertise.

Alpert praises Goldstein's contributions. He was in addition the first dean of the aeronautical engineering faculty, and a pioneer in the development of this field in Israel. Ultimately, he did not stay at the Technion, or in Israel for that matter.

ALEXANDER GOLDBERG, who became President in 1965, guided the Technion over the next eight years through a period of consolidation and gradual growth. New fields of study were introduced. He realized that the Technion's engineering capacities could be utilized for the life sciences. He encouraged the incorporation of Haifa's fledgling medical school, founded by Dr. David Elik, into the Technion. Other areas emphasized were computer science, applied mathematics, and solid-state. Goldberg had a more easy-going and informal style than his predecessor; it made him quite popular with overseas contributors.

OTHER FIGURES in Alpert's book play a less important part but still have roles of their own. Prof. Rudolf Samuel went to the U.S. in 1939 on a fund-raising mission and remained for several years. With ability and imagination, he established the American Technion Society, which over the years made possible much of the Technion's expansion. When Rudolf returned to Haifa, he no longer had a common language with the conservative Kaplansky.

Alpert pays tribute also to Jacob Schiff, the New York millionaire, who made a "princely gift" to the Technion of \$100,000 in the early days. He came to recognize the importance of building a homeland for the Jews.

The most generous gift in the Technion's history was made in the 1950s by Gerard Swope, the president of General Electric Corp. The fact that he was Jewish was almost unknown prior to his involvement with the Technion. It was J.R. Elyachar who got Ben-Gurion to agree to match American contributions; to the tune of \$10 million, for the new campus.

Alpert's chronicle ends when Gen. (Res.) Amos Horov becomes President in 1973. Yet this book is not about people but about an institution and how it arrived where it is today. The Technion is fortunate in having this history, which charts its course and development. □

## Polemical

DEFY THE WILDERNESS by Lynée Reid Banks. London, Chatto and Windus. 277 pp. No price stated.

Leah Abramowitz

here before. In fact she has lived for many years on a kibbutz (authentically described) with a veteran Jewish member and has many local friends, who all discuss politics day and night, even in their sleep.

The book cover calls it "a novel of ideas in which the political tensions and dilemmas of modern Israel are interwoven" but for every line of action there are three pages of polemics. You wouldn't believe where some of the juiciest arguments between doves and hawks take place. But Banks' grasp of the Israeli political scene is simplistic, black and white, good guys vs. bad guys.

In the end Ann remeets a "Fountainhead" type of hero, Boaz, whose viewpoints are mildly termed "Fascist" and who treats his women rough, like a real chauvinist, anti-

feminist character. "Come on," he barks out when he finally calls on Ann, and most unpolitely snarls, "I'm not coming in. Let's go if we're going." And she runs after him, this liberated, intellectually well-balanced Englishwoman, throwing English husband, good breeding, and personal principles to the wind. The thumbnail sketches of Gushon Cohen, Prof. Yeshayahu Leibowitz and Teddy Kollek are interesting. I'm intrigued by Boaz, the romantic, right-wing hero, and wonder on whom he may be modelled. There are also some nuggets of the Israeli scene which residents no-

longer notice but that the author, like Dry Bones, pinpoints nicely: how Israeli children invariably steal centre stage and are spoiled; the way "fat American cats" keep "shnorrers" (who try to get their commissions) on a string; the subtle change in the Arab merchants in the Old City Market, and the metamorphosis of our gawky, ungainly youth into disciplined, efficient and highly motivated soldiers.

A less heroic, less superiority complexed book would have been much nicer. After all Ann Randall is no Ayn Rand. □

Handwritten note in the right margin: "The book is full of love for the people of his native Shetlands and the Earl that bound them together."



## THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361  
May 28 — June 2  
NEW EXHIBITION (Opening on Tuesday, 31.5, at 8.30 p.m.)

**EXPRESSIONISTS — BUCHHEIM COLLECTION**  
The exhibition was made possible by a grant from the Federal Republic of Germany. The catalogue was published with the generous assistance of Bank Leumi.  
The exhibition includes 464 works: oils, watercolours, drawings and prints by 32 of the major German expressionists, presenting the artistic stream which originated in the beginnings of the twentieth century. Among the artists: Erich Heckel, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Otto Müller, Emil Nolde, Max Pechstein, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Beckmann, Otto Dix, Oskar Kokoschka and others.

**EXHIBITIONS**  
A. R. PENCK — EXPEDITION TO THE HOLY LAND. A Graphic Portfolio  
HELMAR LERSKY. PHOTOGRAPHS 1910-1947  
GABI KLASMER, DAVID REEB — LANDSCAPES 1983 (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

**COLLECTIONS**  
IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY ART  
ISRAELI ART: NEW ACQUISITIONS 1982-1983  
11 SCULPTURES AND TRIPTYCH — IGAL TUMARKIN. Donation of the artist to the Tel Aviv Museum

**MUSIC** ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK:  
RECITAL: GILAH YARON. Soprano; IDIT ZVI, Piano. Programme: Works by Schreibeberg, Schumann and Liszt. Saturday, 28.5, at 8.30 p.m.

**DANCE**  
SOLO-DUO-TRIO-QUARTET. The Kibbutz Dance Theatre in a programme for the whole family. Tuesday, 31.5, at 4.30 p.m.

**PROGRAMME FOR THE GOLDEN AGE**  
MONDAY, 30.5, at 10.30 a.m. Gallery Talk (in Hebrew) on new acquisitions in the Israeli Art Collection, at 11.00 a.m. Bye Bye Brazil (Brazil, 1980, 110 min, in colour, Portuguese, with Hebrew and English subtitles)

**GUEST LECTURE (in English)**  
MIDDLE CLASS MORALITY, SEXUALITY, VERMEER AND EDUARD HOPPER by Prof. Philip Lader, the University of California. Monday, 30.5, at 8.30 p.m.

**CINEMA**  
Regularly:  
THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT (Britain, 1982, in colour, 108 min. English, Hebrew and French subtitles). Peter Greenaway's film with Anthony Higgins, Janet Zussman, Ann Louise Lemoire, and Hugh Fraser. The culminating point of today's renaissance in the English cinema. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m., Saturday at 7.15, 9.30 p.m.  
AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (At 4.00 p.m.)  
For kindergarten children (aged 4-6) accompanied by parent Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday; for 1st-2nd graders on Monday. Number of vacancies limited. Tickets in advance at the Museum box office.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m., 7-10 p.m. Box Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday 7-10 p.m. Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4-8 p.m. Circulating Exhibits Room: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m. Graphics Study Room: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office: Tel. 281287.

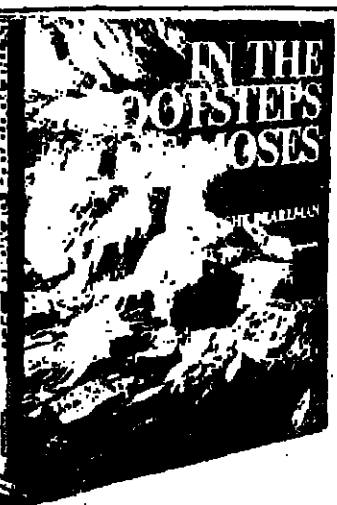
**HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION**  
6 TARSAT ST. TEL. 287196, 299750

**EXHIBITION**  
GABI KLASMER, DAVID REEB — LANDSCAPES 1983  
Gabi Klasmer, exhibits canvases and works on paper done in bright Superlec colours. Semi-fantastic landscapes containing details of local realities. David Reeb exhibits Israeli landscapes in black and white. These works contain personal impressions, the fruit of the artist's renewed encounter with Israel, following a two-year stay in New York.  
The exhibition sponsored by the Jacques O'Hane Fund.

**THE MINIATURE ROOMS.** A collection of 17 miniature rooms, furnished in the style of different periods of various countries. Guided tours and workshops by appointment.

Visiting hours: Sun.-Thurs 9 a.m.-1 p.m., 5-9 p.m. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Friday closed.

bank leumi בנק לוי

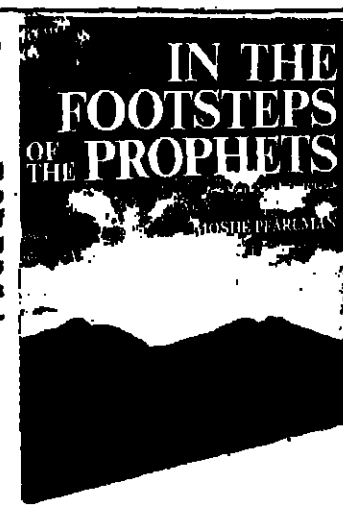


### AN IDEAL GIFT FOR YOUR FRIENDS BACK HOME IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MOSES

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recreates with rare drama, insight and scholarship the lives of the men who fashioned the unique development of the Jewish religion and nation, setting their adventures, triumphs, agonies and above all their majestic ideas, in the moods and context of their times.  
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## The Cameri Theatre Israel Habima

of Tel Aviv The National Theatre  
**YOSHE EGEL**  
Tonight, Sat. May 28; Sun. May 29  
Sat. June 11, Sun. June 12  
**THOJAN WOMEN**  
Tomorrow, Sat. May 28; Sun. May 29  
Mon. May 30; Tue. May 31  
**THE GROCER'S SHOP**  
Bibi Hahayel  
Performance for the IDF.  
Tue. May 31  
Wed. June 1; Thurs. June 2  
**CIRASSIAN CHALK CIRCLE**  
Sat. May 28; Sun. May 29  
Mon. May 30; Tue. May 31  
Wed. June 1; Thurs. June 2  
Sat. June 4; Thurs. June 9  
**TRUE WEST**  
Tzvia  
Sat. May 28; Thurs. June 9  
Beersheba Theatre  
Sunday, May 29 — Sat. June 4

**ZOA HOUSE CLUB**  
will host on  
Sunday, June 8, 1983  
at 8 p.m.  
(the above date cancels the previously announced date of May 29)

**LEON ILUTOVICH**  
Executive Vice-Chairman, Zionist Organization of America. After attending the 40th anniversary observance of the Warsaw ghetto uprising in Poland, Mr. Ilutovich will speak on:  
"POLAND IN THE SHADOW OF THE HOLOCAUST"  
(in English)  
Opening remarks: Louis Stokoff, ZOA House Management Committee.  
For reservations phone 288341, ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frish St., Tel Aviv.

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Tel. 286222

## Australian nightmare

EXOTIC PLEASURES by Peter Carey. London, Picador, 192 pp. £3.25.

Michelle Cameron

WE ARE in the future. The events described in *Exotic Pleasures*, Peter Carey's collection of short stories, take place in Australia, an Australia transformed by technology, by war with America and by contamination from outer space into a weird and often frightening place. People inhabit bodies other than the ones they were born with, having exchanged their own in the Genetic Lottery. Others fade out of existence, and no one realizes why. A man who has earned a popular following, in performance evolving terror, drowns himself in a final performance. A bird from outer space, which gives intense pleasure to people stroking it, breeds thousands of its kind, which endanger the delicate balance of nature.

CAREY MASTERS the various genres of horror stories, science fiction, fantasy and love epics. There is a strong thread of pathos throughout his stories, but perhaps nowhere is it so pronounced as in the first, "The Fat Man in History." Fat men have attained a status comparable only to Jews in Nazi Germany: they are packed together in stinking tenements and exposed to a subtle war of nerves and humiliation. At one point, Carey shows us the story's protagonist — Finch, whose thoughts have related the story to us throughout — standing naked, in the middle of his room, trying to tear off one of the rolls of fat on his stomach, in a gesture of surrender and despair.

There is pathos also in "A Windmill in the West," a story about a young American soldier guarding the line between the Australian and American border. Alone in the middle of the desert for days on end, he guards a straight line which stretches meaninglessly across the terrain. Eventually he forgets which side is which of the line, and commits a murder because of his confusion.

THESE TEN tales have a sad comment to make on the human race, and are a disturbing prediction of what might await us in the future. Carey shows us people totally out of touch with one another, whose attempts at love are facile and fruitless. In "Peeling," the writer strips the idea of a love relationship to pieces — quite literally a boy peels his lover's layers off, revealing different men and women, and finally a white china doll without limbs, which breaks at a touch. People become inured to everything but the final indignities. In "War Crimes," young men build a successful business through ruthless methods, take drugs, and murder for kicks. As long as they're successful, they can do no wrong.

I'm telling too much about the stories, but they're too original and bizarre to be told on any terms except their own. It takes time to understand them on a mental level, though the emotional point is made immediately. If Australia lends itself to this atmosphere, extreme distance is advisable.

THE SLENDER unifying thread in this week's column is that it concerns businesses which are either very old or very new. The new ones include a pastry shop, dog boarding kennels, an art gallery and a beauty salon. The veterans are a furniture factory and a towel manufacturer.

When an Arab from the village of Umm el-Fahm opens a pastry shop in the centre of Tel Aviv, it is news — and its owner-manager Nadim Mahmid had the savvy to hire a public relations firm to arrange a press conference. The premises at 63 Ben-Yehuda Street, corner of Frishman, used to house a bakery famous for its *hallet*. Its successor, K'nafe, hopes to become famous for the pastry for which it is named — a noodle-like dough filled with sheep's cheese and decorated with orange colouring to make it "the bride of cakes." This is Egyptian in origin, but the offerings run a full sweep of Middle East pastries — Arab, Turkish and Persian.

A tall man with a moustache, Mahmid is one of the first Israeli Arabs from the Little Triangle to open a business in Tel Aviv (there are, of course, many Arab-owned businesses in Jaffa). The very few others include three young men from his own village who have a greengrocery store.

Mahmid's brother will help run the business and the pastry chef will be Walid, from Nabulus, who used to work with them in Umm el-Fahm.

Why in Tel Aviv? "Because we have an abundance of these types of cakes at home, while the Jews of Tel Aviv lacked them," Mahmid explained simply. The cakes can be eaten at tables on the premises or taken away and are sold either by the piece, from IS35 to IS70, or by the kilo, IS330 to IS450, the more expensive ones are those with pistachio nuts. Cold water is served automatically at the tables; Turkish coffee and soft drinks are also available.

I was impressed that K'nafe closed during Pessah "so as not to offend anyone." Many Jewish-run pizzerias and sandwich shops in Tel Aviv were not so considerate. It is also closed on Shabbat. Weekday hours are 8.30 a.m. to midnight, Fridays, until 4 p.m., and Saturday evenings.

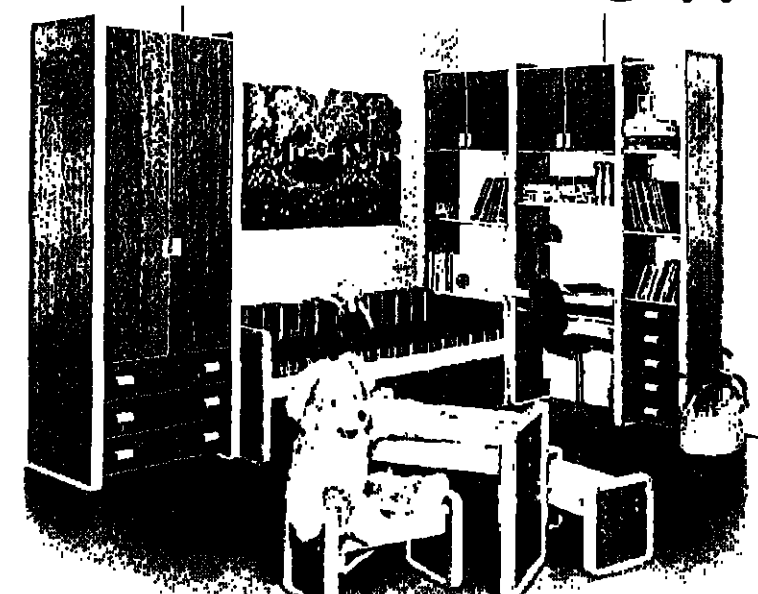
While K'nafe is not kosher, no meat or meat derivatives are used at the bakery. The sheep cheese comes from Umm el-Fahm and is used only in two recipes, the *k'nafe* itself and *tir*, also an Egyptian-style cake, made with pastry leaves. Everything else is *parve*, the owner assured us.

The people invited to the press conference were given a complete list of the pastries in vogue in Hebrew, with a brief description of each. It would be useful for patrons to have such a list available at the shop, perhaps in English as well. The most familiar name is *baklava* — described here as pockets of dough filled with a mixture of almonds, peanuts and pistachios. A variation, called *bulbul*, is differently shaped and omits the peanuts. One of my favourites is *basbuse* made from semolina.

Most of the cakes are served with a sugary syrup, some with rose-water as well. Even the ones with cheese are sweet, not salty. Mahmid suggests that the cheese-pastries be reheated before serving. The others can be served straight from the refrigerator, where they keep best.

As of last week, K'nafe had not yet received a municipal licence, although Mahmid assured us that the workers had been for the required chest X-rays.

## Old and new



### MARKETING WITH MARTHA

If I have one criticism, it is the Hebrew slogan emblazoned across the window, which translates "eat *k'nafe* and be young." The owner didn't mean to imply he had the elixir of youth, but the phrase might be misconstrued as false advertising. Marking the shop's name in English lettering would also help.

K'NAFE'S pastries are certainly an interesting change from the Mitteleuropa-style cakes one generally finds in this part of Tel Aviv.

This reminds me of a charming letter from a reader who describes herself as "a frustrated cream lover." She admits that her complaint may be trivial, but asks, "Why is it impossible to get real whipped cream in cafés and cake shops, like one gets in Europe? The white, fluffy, tasteless mass they spread over ice cream, blintzes, etc., tastes of absolutely nothing!"

I suspect my Netanya correspondent knows as well as I do that substituting for real whipped sweet cream is a question of economy, for one thing, artificial creams keep longer, even if restaurants argue that they are used for considerations of calories or cholesterol. I think the better-class coffee houses in Tel Aviv do use real cream, especially on cups of cappuccino, and can only suggest that my frustrated reader shop around until she finds a local establishment that still prides itself on using the real thing.

I MUST CONFESS to a soft spot for businesses opened by new immigrants, or older immigrants still struggling with absorption. A family of Australian settlers informs me they have finally found their niche at Moshav Beit Halevi near Netanya, where they have just opened boarding kennels, "Dog Farm". They plan to run them on "Anglo-Saxon" standards, including a pickup and delivery service for pets, which they believe is unique in Israel. There are some half-a-dozen kennels in the Greater Tel Aviv area, and perhaps another dozen elsewhere in the country.

Denise and Aryeh Cass invite visitors to drop in all day on Fridays and Saturdays to inspect Dog Farm, amongst the greenery of peach plantations and citrus orchards, with ample exercise yards. Moshav Beit Halevi lies off the old Tel Aviv-Haifa highway. If you're driving north, you pass the Beit Lid junction, take the first right turn (at the Paz station), and continue just past Kfar Monash and Midreshet Ruppin.

Dog Farm is charging the equivalent of \$5 a day to board a dog of any size, with discounts for stays of longer than a month. Cats are not accepted. Phone enquiries can be made via an answering service, 053-44615, personal code number 5527, and the Casses will return the call. (They have been waiting nine years for a telephone). Some of my readers may remember the name Aryeh Cass from my listing last year of house painters who use drop-cloths and clean up after themselves; he is still working at this trade too.

Enough of credentials. A press tour of Wardinon's new premises in Petah Tikva introduced several new lines — among them, romantic-looking towels in pink or blue with a Pierrot design; elegantly appliquéd towels with a water-plant and water-bird motif; brightly-coloured children's towels with smiling clowns. Wardinon is exporting many of its products successfully, mainly to England, Ireland and the U.S.

Shula Wardinon made a confession about something I have long suspected. These Israeli-made towels cost twice as much here as they cost abroad or even more. In the U.K., a 50 x 100 cm Wardinon towel (sometimes under a house brand name) can be had for just under £3 or approximately IS200, whereas the local recommended retail prices for this size are IS345-IS550, depending on the style.

Wardinon claims its products can cost so much less abroad because of "50 per cent export incentives" given by the government. As reasons for high prices here, Shula Wardinon says that dyeing is particularly expensive in Israel (though I fail to see why this should be) and that chain stores take months to pay for their orders.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, some cheap imported towels are arriving here, particularly from South America and Italy. The other day I saw some colourful beach towels in the open-air Carmel Market for IS400. They were labelled "Imported U.S.A." from which it was impossible to tell where they had been manufactured.

By comparison, Wardinon's new beach towels are selling for IS843 while its large bath towels for children are IS945.

One way to beat these prices is to look for bargains in seconds and export surpluses at the Wardinon factory outlet, in the Kiryat Matlon industrial zone of Petah Tikva (a right turn shortly before Beilinson Hospital when coming from Tel Aviv). Sales hours are 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays, and till 1 p.m. Fridays.

Sorely lacking in Israeli towel sizes, in the opinion of most American newcomers, are what are

This is not the first time I have encountered confusion over Health Ministry regulation of products and processes used at beauty salons. Nor is there as yet any official licensing of cosmeticians in Israel.

By way of reassurance, Liling came to me well recommended by a mutual acquaintance. The cosmetician says she owned a salon near Paris and worked for 10 years with products of all major cosmetic firms, including this new mask, which she assures me has the approval of the French health authorities. Her new salon, Luce and Linda, is at 60 Rehov Sokolov, Ramat Hasharon (03-475999).

NOW FOR THE old-timers. Even a jaded consumer reporter is impressed when a firm says its family has been in the textile business for 11 generations. This is the proud boast of A. Wardinon Ltd., which makes towels and terrycloth robes. Today it is managed by a very young generation, Dan Wardinon, who is 29, and his wife Shula, who, although she has a doctorate in literature, works as sales manager and designer for the firm. Grandfather Elazar Wardinon, who set up the factory 53 years ago, was one of the founders of the famous Lodzia textile firm, named after his birthplace, where the family had long been in textiles.

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known in the U.S. as "face towels" and "washcloths" which are 40 x 70 cm. and 30 x 30 cm. respectively. Wardinon is making some for the U.S. market, and export surpluses will be available in a month or so at the factory. The firm will soon do a local line of "guest towels," measuring 40 x 60 cm.

AT A LAG BA'OMER bonfire, I overheard one mother brag to another that she had just refurbished her children's room with imports from Germany. This inspired me to pay a visit to the firm which claims to be Israel's veteran manufacturer of children's cupboards and now our biggest producer of children's furniture, Jacob Berg and Sons Ltd. The factory in the industrial zone of Ra'anana employs some 50 workers.

The present manager of the 35-year-old firm, Yisrael Berg, tells me they do very well in exporting, and he does not see why local customers should feel a need to buy imports. "We use the same production machinery that the Germans do," he says.

Berg's "storage, furniture" for children — i.e., clothes cupboards, desks and bookcases — is authorized to carry the supervision emblem (*tav hashgaha*) of the Standards Institute, which means that it has passed the test for strength and durability. These items are made primarily of chipboard, the accepted material in industrially-made products today. Yosef Berg tells me that Israeli consumers' resistance to chipboard and their stubborn preference for plywood (called "sandwich" here) is an outmoded prejudice.

Berg's youth beds and baby cribs are not under Standards Institute supervision, although the latter are made in accordance with the voluntary local standard, which specifies the maximum distance between crib bars for safety and the use of non-toxic lacquers. Henna Herzberg, who heads the wood products laboratory at the Institute, agrees with me that the standard for cribs should be made compulsory, and suggests that the Health Ministry should pressure the Ministry of Industry and Trade on the matter.

An advantage of buying children's furniture from an established local firm — and there are several — is the servicing aspect. Berg maintains. His firm gives a year's guarantee under conditions of "reasonable use," and will service its products after that.

One reason cheap imported children's furniture enters the country, Berg contends, is that there is no compulsory Standards Institute testing of imported finished furniture, although there are required tests for the imported raw materials for the industry. Stiffer standards for finished imports would be a useful non-tariff method of protecting local industry, he suggests.

A complete room of Berg furniture for one child costs about IS45,000 (cash, without delivery and assembly), while a complete room for two children costs around IS65,000.

Children's furniture here today looks pretty much as it did 10 or 20 years ago, except that simulated wood-finishes are in fashion. Berg has also introduced a line of storage furniture with rounded corners, in addition to its older styles, with straight lines and sharp corners. All its youth beds have curved corners.

MARTHA MEISELS.